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Hand, Not Heart: OR, THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLDER.
[THE NOM DE PLUME OF A CELEBRATED AMERICAN AUTHOR.]

CHAPTER VIII.

SWORN AWAY.

LATE that night, long after the wounded man had been placed in bed, by the order of the physician, St. Clair Arlington paced up and down the limits of his library.

The rain had long since entirely abated, and the stars were twinkling down brightly from the blue vault.

But the storm raging in St. Clair Arlington's bosom had not passed away. He had entirely recovered from the terrible shock which he had experienced; the natural tints of robust health had returned to his cheeks, and there was a buoyancy about his step, and a fire in his eyes, as they glittered behind the flashing glasses, that told of a wonderful vitality. But, there was a brooding frown upon his brow, and an anxious shade of care sat on his features.

It was now after twelve o'clock. The house was wrapt in quiet. The wounded stranger, under the influence of an opiate, was sleeping soundly, and Agnes Arlington, her bosom torn by conflicting storms, her young heart crushed to earth, was locked in the privacy of her room.

The physician had closely, though tenderly, examined the arm of him who had sought unwittingly the hospitality of the mansion. This did not consume many minutes. He found that both bones of the fore-arm were broken. Extemporizing a splint, he arranged the limb as well as he could, so as to give the sufferer as much ease and comfort as possible; and then, promising to call again in the morning, with a regular surgical appliance, he administered the opiate and left.

That night, when Agnes Arlington recovered herself—as she had thrown her arms around the insensible form of Clavis Warne—she started to her feet, and turning hastily away, as if to avoid the curious eyes bent upon her, ascended the broad staircase, and sought her own room.

Among those who looked upon her strange display of emotion, were some who knew well enough what occasioned it. One of these was Fanny, the maid; another was Delaney Howe. The girl knew well the secret that was preying upon the virgin heart of Agnes, the orphan; and the man was well aware of an old-time tale, connecting the disinherited beauty and Clavis Warne, the lawyer. His face had grown very dark when his eyes rested on the pale features of the wounded man; still darker when Agnes Arlington flung herself upon his motionless form.

But then a grim smile passed over Delaney Howe's dark, forbidding countenance, as, turning away into the library, he chuckled low to himself, and muttered:

"It matters not! I hold her secret! and she is bound to me! I'll spoil this game!"

Then he had suddenly taken his departure, nobody seeing him, or paying any heed to him.

Slowly St. Clair Arlington strode up and down the room, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes bent moodily and sternly on the floor. He paused and glanced up at the clock. It was half-past twelve.

Drawing near the large writing-desk, he flung himself into a chair, and leaned his cheek upon his hand.

"Tis late!" he muttered, "but, I can not sleep! Strange shadows seem to hang over me to-night, and I can not shake them off! Ah! memory! memory! why call up pale faces, beseeching eyes, and uplifted hands. Why do

you ring again in my ears, the wail of— Ha! No, 'tis nothing! I am nervous, and well I should be! Has this been a joyous night for me? and where is the conquest I expected to achieve? where the success of all my preparations? All gone—all lost. And I know it is fated that I shall not celebrate any occasion in this ghostly old mansion! Ha! I heard something then!" he suddenly exclaimed, springing to his feet, as a loud rap sounded as on the old oak wall of the library, and a low moan echoed distinctly in the room.

The man peered around him, with a frightened face, and thrust his hand in his bosom. He started violently, as he drove his hand down into the breast-pocket of his coat.

Nothing was there!

"The dirk! Where can it be! Have I lost it?" he said, in an anxious voice. "That knife is precious to me; it has served me a good turn more than once!" and he still continued to search his person.

sob burst from her agonized bosom. The servant looked on with wonder and pity.

"Why, Miss Agnes, Mr. Warne is not hurt much. He is young, and is strong again, even now. He will soon be well, and then, Miss Agnes, he will take you out of this house. Heaven has sent him here, Miss Agnes, and I know the young man loves you still, for—"

"Enough! enough! Fanny; you will craze me! Oh, that I should live to see this day! All things conspire against me! and I can not escape destiny!"

"There, there, Miss Agnes," said the girl, soothingly; "calm yourself. There is every thing to hope for now. Mr. Warne does not care for money. He has enough, and, as I said, he will take you from this now hateful home, and—"

"Hush, Fanny! You know not my terrible secret! You know not the throbings of my breaking heart! 'Tis true, Clavis has come again; 'tis true it looks as if Providence had

rudey open, and Delaney Howe, with a white, haggard face, staggered into the room.

"I've seen it! I've seen it again, Sainty!" he said, in a trembling voice, as, shutting the door quickly, he hastened into the room, and sunk, nervously, into a chair.

"Seen what? Can't you speak?" asked Mr. Arlington, rudely staring at the other.

"THE SHADOW! THE SHADOW!" was the trembling reply.

"The Shadow! and at this time of night!" exclaimed the rich man, cowering away from the other.

"Why, Delaney, it is nearly one o'clock!"

"But I tell you I saw it, just as I did before!" was the hasty reply.

"I had forgotten that this was the night!" said St. Clair Arlington, in a low, hushed voice; "and the moon shines! Where was it?" and he turned to the other, his face blanching as he spoke.

"At the same place—you know where, Sainty," was the answer.

Delaney Howe arose, and approaching the old-fashioned sideboard or locker, drew forth the bottle of brandy, and pouring out a huge draught, swallowed it without breathing.

"Excuse the liberty, Sainty," he said, with a sickly laugh, the color gradually returning to his face, and steadiness to his limbs; "my nerves are a little unstrung! Take some yourself; 'twill do you good, for, certainly you have been shocked enough!"

St. Clair Arlington winc'd; but, for a moment did not reply. Without a word, however, he took the profered bottle, and poured out for himself likewise a large drink.

He paused as he held the tumbler in his hand, and looking significantly at the other, said, in an undertone:

"This is a good friend, Delaney; it gives us both strength and courage; and I want to have a little talk." With this he placed the glass to his mouth, drained it at a swallow, and then flung himself into a chair.

Several moments passed without either of the men speaking. But, at length, the silence was broken by Delaney Howe.

"You see, Sainty," he said, his voice now calm and steady, "I had almost reached home, when, all at once, I remembered that I had forgotten something here," and he looked the other straight in the face.

St. Clair Arlington said nothing, but he bit his lip venomously.

"I was returning for what I had forgotten, when, in crossing that confounded plain out there, I saw that infernal Shadow! I came back, Sainty, for the pewter—the gold—old boy! I could not get along without it, you know," and he leered in the rich man's face.

Mr. Arlington frowned for a moment; but only for a moment. It was evident he had something brooding upon his mind about which he wished to speak.

"You shall have it, Delaney, of course; but not at such dictation. I must give willingly, or not at all."

A smile of scorn and of conscious power replied:

"Willingly, is it, Sainty? Why, my good fellow, my hand is upon your throat, do you see?" and he glared at the other.

For an instant the hot flush of a resenting anger mantled the cheek of the rich man. But, by an effort he controlled himself, as he answered:

"Very true, Delaney; but, remember, my friend," and his voice sunk to a hissing whisper, "and do not forget, that I have a hold upon you—that you are in the meshes, and—"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Sainty; you are talking idly!" interrupted the young man, though he started at the words of his companion, and bent his eyes sternly, half inquiringly, upon the face of the speaker.

"Nonsense is it? I think not, for you saw what I did, and—"

"Enough of this, Sainty!" said the other, in a low, but evidently relieved tone; "enough of this stuff! If you feel inclined to try your



REACHING HIS HAND INSIDE, HE CAUTIOUSLY DREW OUT A LONG, THIN MEMORANDUM BOOK.

His search, however, was fruitless. Opening his vest he looked through it, and took out a pistol. He gazed at it for a moment. It was a small revolving weapon of a foreign manufacture. The bright caps glistening on the tubes shone plainly in the light.

"This, too, has been a friend to me in the past!" he muttered. "Perhaps it will serve me again, for somebody is getting troublesome!"

His mouth must be shut, and the day may not be far off when this little friend will speak in my interests again! And yet, there is another shadow on my path! He is here again! Clavis

Warne rises up suddenly against me; his shadow falls at my feet, and I see in it trouble—trouble!

Yet, ah! ye gods! he sleeps in this house! Under this roof! He sleeps well, too! Suppose he should not awake?" and he sunk his voice to a whisper, as he fondled the dangerous weapon lying in his hand.

Rising slowly to his feet, he dropped the pistol in his pocket.

"We'll see! we'll see! He is badly hurt, and must sleep here other nights than this!"

With that he turned again to his promenade up and down the limits of the room.

When Agnes Arlington tottered into her room that night, she sunk exhausted upon a chair. In a moment, Fanny, the warm-hearted maid, entered behind her, and was soon by her side.

"Be of good cheer, Miss Agnes!" she said, in a sympathizing voice. "Do not give way now, for you should be happy."

"Happy, Fanny! Oh! Fanny, you mock me! I am wild! Would that lightning-stroke had laid me dead!" and the poor girl leaned her head down on her hands, as sob after

flung him hither; 'tis true he loves me as of old, for I feel it; 'tis true my very soul yearns for him, as it did in the past, and has done, for four long years of woe and misery to me! But, Fanny, a wall is between us, for, Fanny, I must tell you—bend your ear close—closer still! I can not now love Clavis, for I have sworn to wed another!"

The maid started back in amazement. Her words were scarcely audible as she said:

"Sworn to wed another? And who—who?"

"DELANEY HOWE!" was the wailing answer, as Agnes Arlington, with a low cry, slid from her chair in a swoon to the floor.

CHAPTER IX.

NIGHT IN THE MANOR.

ST. CLAIR ARLINGTON spoke not a word for several moments, but continued striding moodily up and down the room, his head bent, his eyes staring fixedly before him.

And the night still grew on.

"Twice before," he suddenly muttered, glancing around him, as he spoke, "have I heard that strange rap and the sad moan. Can it be juggling? Can any one about the house know my secret, and attempt thus to— Ha! He here again!" he suddenly exclaimed, as a decided rap sounded just then on the rear door of the library, looking out.

"I can not say nay to him! He is my evil angel—my everlasting black shade; I must let him in!" Another loud and heavy rap shook the door.

Mr. Arlington stepped forward at once, and turned the key. Instantly the door was hurled

power against mine, walk over to the village tomorrow, and make the effort! I will do the same; but now I would advise you to get that money. I'm in a small hurry to lay hands upon it." As he spoke, his eyes continued to gaze the rich man straight in the face.

Arlington did not reply; but with a sudden start, he turned at once, and disappeared behind the book-case by the west window.

Delaney Howe was sitting by the secretary. As soon as old Arlington was hid from view, the young man quickly, but softly, raised the lid of the desk, and peered in for a second. Then, reaching his hand inside, he cautiously drew out a long, thin memorandum-book, and pushed it out of sight under his vest. Then he gently lowered the top of the desk to its place.

Mr. Arlington soon returned. In one hand he carried a bag; in the other bundle of notes. He cast both on the secretary—the bag in its fall giving forth a sharp, metallic ring.

"There are five hundred dollars there, Delaney; four hundred in notes, one hundred in gold. Take it, and do not bother me again soon."

"Bothers you, does it? Well, I wouldn't wonder if it did! It bothers me to come for it! But, I will count it, Sainy; you may have made a mistake, you know. All of us are liable to err, especially in counting money!"

Saying this, with a light laugh at his own wit, Delaney leisurely drew the money toward him, and commenced to count it.

Arlington looked on with a frown, but he opened not his mouth.

"'Tis all right, Sainy," at length said Howe, as he proceeded to secure the money about his person, "and thank you for the tin! But, you were saying you had something to talk about. I am not sleepy, and you can drive ahead if you feel like it. I am ready to listen," and settling himself comfortably back in his chair, he looked inquiringly at the other.

Mr. Arlington did not choose to answer at once; he seemed, for the moment, lost in thought.

The young man quietly awaited his pleasure. The truth is, there was a quiet, satisfied look about Delaney Howe's face, which was altogether out of keeping with the general expression of anxiety and suspicion resting there.

At length Mr. Arlington looked up, and drawing his chair close to the other one, he said:

"You know we have a guest in this house, Delaney?"

"Yes; that is, I thought so, and may the devil take Clavis Warne!" was the almost vehement reply.

Old Arlington started, and a half-smile broke over his face.

"Then you do not like him? Perhaps you know something of the young lawyer?" he asked.

"Know him? I should think so! He it was who first stood between me and Agnes Arlington!" was the hot reply.

"I think I heard something of the fellow's old love-scarp with my niece!" and Mr. Arlington's eyes flashed behind the glittering glasses.

The scar on Delaney Howe's forehead was now as red as crimson, always a token with him of deep feeling, of joy or anger.

"Yes," he continued; "Clavis Warne, then a visitor at this house on law business, first turned Agnes Arlington's heart from me. Then I had money, and her old father—nay, start not, for he was your brother!" and he spoke the words with a deep significance—"her old father did not dislike me. Clavis Warne came; and he, too, had money. More than that, he had an oily tongue, and—I can not deny it—a handsome face and figure. Then Agnes turned away from me!"

"Do you think she ever cared for you?" asked Mr. Arlington, with a slight sneer.

Howe's brow contracted fearfully at the question. He bit his lip, but said, quietly:

"No, she never did, confound her! But her old father cared for me, because, then, we had gold! Old John Arlington—"

"Leave him out, leave him out!" said the rich man, hastily. "He is dead, and—"

"Dead? You are right, Sainy; no one should know it better than you!"

Again Arlington winced, and a slight pallor came to his face.

"That point is beyond discussion, Delaney, and—"

"Is it? Some people say not!" interrupted Howe, with a low laugh.

"But we know better, my friend!" was the quick rejoinder.

"Exactly," was Delaney's quiet answer.

Several moments of silence again ensued, but St. Clair Arlington once more resumed the conversation.

"As I was saying, Delaney, you do not like Clavis Warne. Neither do I!"

"You? Why, you never saw him before to-night?" and Howe looked inquiringly at the other.

"Yes, I have seen him before. 'Tis a long tale, Delaney, and I can not tell it now. But, it chanced that while traveling abroad several years ago, I met Clavis Warne. On one occasion we had some words, and I owe him a grudge, which I would be glad to settle with him," and he gazed the young man significantly in the eyes.

Delaney started, and a singular, knowing expression came over his face. His cold gray eyes glittered as he said, in a low tone:

"I begin to understand you, Sainy! The old trick, eh? But he is a guest under your roof!"

St. Clair Arlington did not reply to this; he simply said:

"Clavis Warne lives in Albany now, and he comes here on business, depend upon it!"

"He comes to stay a year, I should judge by the size of his trunk!" said Howe. "But, what business, Sainy?"

"You know he is a lawyer, I suppose? He has a great reputation for untangling *knotty estate questions*, and *securing property to rightful heirs*." These words were spoken with a deep meaning.

"Ah! I understand! Yes, yes! And he may have been called hither for some such work?" "You have it!" said Arlington, fiercely. "He sleeps under this roof to-night, and to-morrow night certainly. Chloroform tied over the nose, or a thumb pressed on the wind-pipe, are procedures generally followed by serious consequences! Besides that, there is a danger of shock, as the surgeons call it."

His eyes seemed to burn into the other's very bosom.

The other did not answer.

"Moreover, my friend," continued the rich man, his mouth at the ear of the other, "one thousand dollars is a nice pile of money for looking on and lending a hand!"

"I understand you, Sainy! You are a bold fellow, and we'll talk a little over this matter," was the answer.

CHAPTER X. GOLD AND STEEL.

THE conversation that ensued between St. Clair Arlington and his friend continued until a late hour of the night; when it was concluded, the clock pointed to half-past two, and Arlington arose.

"Well, Delaney," he said, in a satisfied voice, "it is all managed, and— You see the clock; it is late. As you live a mile or so from here, I think—"

"Spare yourself the trouble of thinking any thing on my account, Sainy; there's no necessity, and, on second thought, why I'll just turn in here for the night. I'll sleep on the sofa, and be off early in the morning."

This was said with the utmost coolness.

Arlington stared. "Sleep on the sofa! Why—"

"Yes, sleep on the sofa! You see, Sainy, I've done the same thing before, on several occasions, and then, that confounded plain! I will not cross it again this night—not if I know myself!"

The mansion's proprietor bent his head for a moment in thought; but looking up again suddenly, he said:

"Of course, Delaney, I've no objection; but, as we will not see one another to-morrow morning—for, of course, you will go early—I'll just say, now, we'll consider that matter as settled, and you know when will be the time."

As he spoke, he stepped to his secretary, locked it, and placing the key in his pocket, bade the other "Good-night," and retired softly.

He did not seek at once his own almost royal sleeping-apartment, but, ascending the stairs to the second story, he paused for a moment in the dim-lit passageway. One single taper was shedding its beams over this hall, throwing every thing below it in a gloomy shade. Anon, as a passing puff of wind would blow into the window—now raised again to catch the grateful air which had been cooled by the storm of rain—the light would flash and flare, making great grotesque shadows along the dim, dead-white walls.

Arlington stood some minutes and listened intently; but no sound came to his ears. Then, cautiously creeping forward, he turned into another passageway, and, at a few steps, stood before a door. He paused and started back, as he saw a faint gleaming through the keyhole. He scarcely breathed as he leaned his head down, and listened.

Muffled sounds as of sobs, and soothing, sympathizing words, echoed faintly from the apartment. But the words were not distinguishable.

Treading like a cat, he drew away from the door, and, once out of ear-shot, hurried away to the further end of the passage.

Confound her, she is up yet! Broken-hearted, of course! And her comforter is—the maid! Well, in a day or so, perhaps, she will be more inconsolable than now! We'll see! But now I must reconnoiter!"

So saying, he turned to an open window and placed his hands upon the sill; then, having looked cautiously around him, and listened well for some minutes, he sprang lightly outside.

Running entirely around this portion of the old mansion—the portion being the wings, before referred to—as an old rickety porch, beaten and decayed by many rains and snows. In former times these porches always were resorted to by the family and guests, to enjoy the cool breezes playing over the wide plain, in the hot evenings of summer. But, for many years they had been but little used, and had gone to decay, and the present owner of the old mansion had not seen fit to have them repaired.

Into one of these, at the western wing of the house, Arlington had leaped from the window. The old glass-door leading into it had not been opened for many a year, and perhaps Mr. Arlington knew that, in attempting to get out that way, he would alarm the household. This, it was very evident from his cautious movements, he did not desire to do. So he took the most noiseless route, by the open window.

He paused not now; but hurried around the house to the front, closely hugging the old weather-boarding, as if he feared to trust his weight out further.

Suddenly he came to a window. One of the shutters was thrown open. A light inside was burning dimly. Through the open shutter, and through the upraised window, the dying moon, far over and just above the tops of the trees, shed askant its mellow radiance full into the room.

Arlington started at the sight revealed; he raised his hand to his eyes and peered in.

Lying on the bed, directly in the splendor of the moon's rays—his pale, half-stern, half-sweet, intellectual face showing with a death-like luster, was Clavis Warne, the stranger. There he lay, sleeping soundly, his bandaged arm lying on the pillow, as the surgeon had arranged it.

For several moments the rich man gazed on the face of the sleeper; and, as he gazed, his eye grew stony; a scowl swept over his features.

"Here he lies!" he muttered—"he who holds my other secret! He who laid his hand upon my collar and would have dragged me away to the tribunal! And here he is now, sleeping un-

der my roof! and to-morrow he will know me as the brother of old John Arlington, and not as—No, 'tis nothing! Yes, he will know me as the uncle of Agnes, the woman of his heart! Will he dare to breathe what he knows? The thought crazes me! Thus will I end my suspense, and none will ever know who did the deed."

In the twinkling of an eye, he drew from his bosom the revolving pistol, threw back the hammer and extended his arm. His eyes were flashing down the barrel, and his finger was pressing the trigger.

At that instant a deep groan echoed on the air, seeming to come from Arlington's very elbow. With a cry of terror, he turned and fled like lightning around the house.

And then a short, bent figure sprung nimbly through the open window, and, in a moment, stood by the side of Clavis Warne, who still slumbered soundly on.

When Arlington, after locking his secretary, had left the room—the library, as will be remembered—Delaney Howe sat still for a moment, gazing vacantly at the door through which his host had just passed. Gradually a scornful smile spread over his face.

"He was too late!" muttered the young man, tapping lightly on the memorandum-book, concealed under his waistcoat. "There is no need to lock his desk now. At last I am possessor of that I have long coveted. I know that the scrap was taken from this book!"

As he spoke, he placed his hand under his vest, and drew out the memorandum-book. Opening it, he hastily examined the leaves. Suddenly he paused.

He had found what he was seeking. On the leaf before him were a few written words, and then, just below, was a large, square hole. The leaf had been—or a portion of it—cut out.

Delaney Howe scrutinized closely the writing above, and then the orifice itself. At length, with a low chuckle, he said:

"So much for old John Arlington's will! But now, I must try and sleep. I must see the 'Brothers' to-morrow, for there may be work elsewhere. Thanks to my good-luck, that I am so comfortably housed here! No money could induce me to cross that plain again this night! Ugh!"

With that he approached the door softly, locked it, then extinguished all the tapers but one, threw aside his coat, and flung himself on the sofa.

A half-hour passed; then the man's deep breathing showed that he was in sound slumber. The house was in perfect quiet. The faint night-wind, creeping around the corners, and under the eaves of the old mansion, made melancholy music.

Suddenly a large shadow appeared on the floor of the library. Then, a dark, misshapen figure stole with cautious steps from behind the row of shelving to the east.

The figure paused for a moment under the pale light of the single taper. Then, suddenly stepping forward, it bent over the quiet form of the sleeper.

Delaney Howe was now as helpless as an infant.

And the pale light of the taper caught and reflected the brilliant glitter of steel.

(To be Continued.)

The Bride's Dream.

BY ELEANOR LEE EDWARDS.

"I ever trembled at our bliss—
Now there are farewells in a kiss!"

A YOUNG couple stood at the bay-window of a back-parlor, in an old mansion. Before them, in the moonlight of a June evening, lay terraces of flowers, and gray marble steps leading away to a lake, whose waters rippled musically beneath the bright sky, and broke, with a pensive sound, at the feet of the last terrace and its blossoms.

They were the only occupants of the apartment; though, even and anon, laughter and music and flying steps echoed in the hall, chambers, and drawing-rooms. Even from the great kitchen came the sound of bustle and preparation, and the table-ware and costly cut-glass jingled and rung in the dining-room. Musicians, in a distant room, at times sent forth preparatory preludes. This young couple seemed the only ones in that all crowded old mansion that were idle, and totally unconcerned in what was happening—precisely for the reason that they were the most concerned of all—the morrow morning bringing the hour that was to unite their destinies.

The bridal-dress, the veil and the orange-flowers lay ready on the white counterpane in the bride's chamber. The bridesmaids had tried on their dresses before the mirror there, and had planned all things as near to perfection as possible.

Very much against the will of the bashful young betrothed, with the assistance of the groomsmen, they had compelled the timid couple into walking and standing and sitting once through the ceremony-anticipatory, lest on the morrow all their movements should not be *comme il faut*.

And now the guests from a distance, who had arrived that evening, had retired to their couches, and the young assistants, with their smiles, their sallies, their laughter and merriment, considerably stole slyly from the apartment, leaving the engaged people alone for any little word they might choose to say to each other, this last time they were to meet before the wedding.

It was more by the enchanting moonlight than by the lamp which was burning dimly on the table, that the forms of the lovers were revealed, as they stood in the window with the sweet south-wind stirring their garments and trembling in their hair.

His arm was around her, and his tender, passionate, and almost solemn eyes were fixed upon her face with an intenseness of devotion that betrayed him insensible to the beauty of the night, or to any other beauty than that embodied and

living in that young and lovely face. His other hand lay caressingly on the head nestled on his bosom, with its long curly flowing from beneath his touch—glorious curls, promised to the sweet bondage of the silvery veil and orange-flowers.

The glow of happiness of the lover changed suddenly to surprise, as, after watching for some moments the half-averted face, that, lifted partially toward the moon, was too serious for blushes, he saw, one by one, a shower of tears drop from the drooped lashes of the maiden.

His own truthful soul told him how one might weep even from unutterable happiness; and his appreciation of woman told him, too, that there might be many things, at an hour like that, to call forth tears. But there was something unusual in those tears. He remembered finding the young girl in a melancholy reverie several times that day—her usually hopeful face covered with unaccountable gloom.

It was, therefore, with a half-awakened feeling of doubt and alarm that he turned her face to his own, saying:

"Tears, Evelyn—and to-night?"

The maiden blushed and made no reply. And when he kissed her forehead and begged to know if she was unhappy, or if she repented of her promise to him, she buried her face in his bosom and burst into such a passion of sobbing that he was really alarmed. The thought that possibly she did repent their betrothal came over him, and caused him to turn pale. While his form almost quivered with the fear, his brow clouded with pride, and he spoke in an accent of the deepestest reproach:

"Evelyn!"

The weeper was calm in a moment. "Forgive me, forgive me, Robert! I am very foolish," she said, lifting her head and throwing her arms around his neck.

The doubt as to her true vanished in a moment, and Robert pressed her passionately to his heart, inquiring:

figure glided after him; though she had received his parting embrace, to meet on the morrow as his bride, Evelyn was close beside him—was in his arms—sobbing—murmuring—moaning broken words:

"Forever—forever!—I feel it here—forever!" she half-uttered, pressing her hands over her heart. "Why do you leave me? Yet go—go! I said I would try and not feel so."

Beautiful, as if tempting her to her fate, the lake, with its deep waters, shone in the moonlight, with a soft song of adulation, winning her away from her terrible dream. The south-wind, sandaled with rose-leaves, passed by, its invisible garments sweeping backward with a rustle, and its breath perfumed with the sweetness of its dewy and melodious lips.

The pulse again beat gently in the bosom of the maiden, revived by the fresh coolness of the air; and there, before her eyes, that lake sparkled with fascination, like the beautiful but accursed spell that steals over one looking into the still eyes of a serpent.

Yielding to its influence, she glided from the window over the terrace, down, down—never staying to even pluck a flower—down to the very edge of the water, and sat upon the last gray-marble step, leaning over and looking down into the waves which crept up to her feet, and answered the gaze of her prophetic eyes with that subtle smile which water *will* sometimes have, even when the holly moon is floating *above* it.

Upon the last gray-marble step the young girl sat; her dark hair streaming around her, a few stray tresses rocking to the musical waves, as they stole up and looked with their alluring faces softly into the eyes of this child of imagination and—Fate!

"What said you? lost—lost—lost!
I can not think I heard you right, fair sir;
For God's sake, say I did not hear you right!"

Half an hour before the time appointed for the performance of the marriage ceremony, Robert Morrison passed the threshold of the bride's mansion, through the hall, and tapped lightly at the door of the apartment in which he was to join his betrothed. It was opened by Evelyn's mother, to whom he held out his hand. But the hand she placed feebly in his was cold as ice, and her lips quivered as she attempted to speak. Surprised and in some consternation he led her to a seat, and glancing round the room found it deserted.

"Perhaps I have intruded earlier than—My dear Mrs. Gray, Evelyn can not be ill?" he stammered, in confusion.

While the pale lips of the mother were still essaying to speak, the sister of the bridegroom, Mary Morrison, a lovely young girl, came running, in tears and terror, up to her brother, sobbing:

"Our dear Evelyn is gone—we can not find where! She was not in bed last night, and her scarf was found floating among a cluster of lilies in the lake this morning. Do not—do not look so white, my own brother. Perhaps—perhaps she may be found! You frighten me, Robert—do not!"—and throwing her arms around him the weeping girl strove to arouse him from the still despair which seemed to have come over him so suddenly as to leave him no power to move.

Several others who had been flying through the grounds and over the old mansion in consternation, now gathered around him, as he stood, growing paler and paler, looking into the pleading face of his sister, as if striving to comprehend what she had said.

"Merciful God! then her presentiment was true!" at length he ejaculated, in a tone of such utter anguish as startled the color from every cheek.

As he said this, he sank slowly upon the floor and bowed his head to his hands. No one attempted to soothe him; there was so much that mocked at words in his manner—besides, their own hearts were heavy with fear and foreboding. One by one they stole from the room to continue their search. The lake was dragged, and so strong was the supposition that she must have perished in its waves, that gradually, from every corner of the house and garden, the searchers came and stood upon the banks awaiting the recovery of the corpse of the victim.

The father, trembling, yet striving to appear calm, supported his wife in his arms; the awed and weeping bridesmaids clustered together; silence and gloom hung over all the guests; while a few of the young men labored hard at their sad task.

The little pleasure-boat usually attached to the steps of the terrace was found to have drifted away, and was floating loosely through the water; the scarf which had been found upon the first alarm, attached to the lilies some distance from the shore—proofs so evident, that none doubted the unhappy accident which had befallen the beloved Evelyn.

And all the while they were dragging the lake, Robert sat motionless upon the floor, with his face buried in his hands. When the words—"Evelyn is gone," smote upon his ear, a conviction, a thousand times stronger than his bride's presentiment, came upon his soul and paralyzed his powers. The dream, the tears, the sadness, the emotion of Evelyn rushed back to him, and what he had deemed an over-sensitive and vivid imagination, now seemed to him to be *truth!*—a truth at once so terrible and so certain that there was nothing to be done but to believe it. If it had not been for the memory of the young girl's prophecy, what he heard would have roused him into a storm of energy—lake nor wood, nor death itself, should have kept her fate long a mystery. Under other circumstances, hope and love would have prompted him to aid in the search. But as it was, he doubted not that she was lost forever; and the fullness of despair overtook him at once.

Sitting there in his helpless grief, with the clammy sweat of his forehead oozing through the fingers pressed tightly over it, one sound rung hollow and wild through the desolate and empty chamber of his soul—Evelyn's words of the preceding night—"Forever, forever!—I feel it here—forever!"

Minutes upon minutes—an hour—passed by,

and he had not stirred nor spoken nor groaned. It was an awful wedding-morning!

Suddenly a hand, soft and moist, was laid upon his brow—a word was breathed into his ear by a sweet and trembling voice:

"Robert!"

Had that hand been a touch from the divine finger of heaven, it could not have thrilled him more. Had that voice been speaking his admittance to immortal happiness, it could not have been more welcome.

He sprung to his feet. Before him, blushing, laughing, confused, trembling, anxious, stood—Evelyn!

Five minutes afterward, she found time to explain.

"That merry, wicked, cruel, dare-devil brother, Harry, of mine, had the impudence to creep up to the window last night and listen to our conversation. You know him; he always has laughed at my 'Sibylline horrors,' as he says—declaring I will some time put myself into a moonbeam and drown myself in a dew-drop. He says my parting with you last night was so very alarming," and the young girl's dark eyes danced roguery at her lover, "that he had to set about a cure at once. So, what must he do but follow me down to the lake, last evening, fling my scarf into the water, unfasten the boat, take me up as if I was an infant, carry me into the house and lock me up—not in a 'chest that came from Venice,' but in an old clothes-press, in the third-story. It was fortunate that the lock was somewhat aged, or I should have been there yet. He has punished me sadly, indeed; I do not see how he could have had the heart to do it, for your sake and mamma's. I urged him very hard to spare her, at least, the fright, and take her into his confidence; but not any comfort would he give me. It was such a pity," he said, "that I should have all my tender parting from you for nothing—that it would not be at all romantic unless my presentiment came to pass. Indeed, the wicked rogue has some wisdom, after all, for I do not think I shall ever have another presentiment as long as I live," and, brushing the happy tears from her cheeks, the dreamer drew her lover to the portico, from which they could see the unhappy party by the lake-side. "Do see that miserable Harry tugging at the drag, with such a sad face," she continued, merrily—"and my mother—my poor mother;" and clapping her little hands, she shouted, at the height of her musical voice, something that made wretched father, and desolate mother, and tearful bride-maids, and grieving guests, turn hastily, with one accord, to behold, by the side of the delighted lover, glowing, radiant, happy, beautiful, the fanciful victim of a—Presentiment.

The Warning.

NIGHT had settled down over the dreary sea-coast, and over the throbbing, restless sea. The wind lifted itself with a swelling sound, and roved about a lonely-looking fisherman's cottage that stood on the beach, shaking the doors and windows, ever and anon sinking into low murmurs. Shapeless clouds drifted across the dim, blue firmament. The moon shone at intervals; but its fitful light lent no charm to the dismal scene. There was only one other habitation in sight, and it was a large, old-fashioned mansion, standing far back in the country, yet whose massive frame stood out boldly against the steely blue.

Those dwellings were the only visible tokens that man had invaded this dreary waste; for, aside from them, nothing met the eye save a sinuous, curving road, great jagged cliffs, and stretches of barren land, broken here and there with patches of gaunt, leafless trees.

A light glowed in the latticed window of the fisherman's dwelling—it looked cheerful.

Before a fire which burned on the hearth of the capacious fireplace within, a young girl sat, listening to the roaring, moaning anthem of the winds. It was a beautiful face, at times bending meditatively toward the fire, or gazing out of the window. A pale yet sweet face, with bright carmine eyes, and an abundance of soft, dark hair—the face of a young girl scarce past her seventeenth year.

This was Lila Wynde, the only child of an old fisherman, who had dwelt in this cottage on the beach as far back as she could remember. There was something remarkable about the young girl. Looking at her, one would probably call her lovely; but add, weak and timid. She was weak, truly, as far as physical strength is concerned; but beneath her timidity lurked a firmness of purpose which waited only the proper moment to bring it into life and action.

There were two doors leading from the room in which she sat—one to a sort of closet used as a receptacle for books and various miscellaneous articles; the other into a larger-room, which was occupied now by her father and a man in whose hand she had intrusted her happiness.

Carl Conner was a sailor—a firm, true friend of old Casper Wynde; and although Lila felt only an ordinary regard for him, she had, when he asked her to be his wife, obeyed the often-expressed desire of her father, and accepted him. More than once dark whispers regarding Carl's early life came to her, for she had known him but a short time; but these she refused to believe—or, at least, affected incredulity.

They had been engaged, at the time we write, upward of a year. If they had been married then the current of her life might have flowed on as smoothly and evenly as ever, without even a ripple marring its placidity. But destiny had decreed it otherwise.

We will not enter into details as to the manner in which Rhoderick Orvis became acquainted with Lila Wynde. Suffice to say, he resided, together with his sister Alice, a beautiful girl about Lila's age, in the capacious mansion on the hill. They lived in almost rigid seclusion; but Lila, somehow, became a welcome guest beneath their roof; and in this way an intimacy sprang up between her and the young man, which daily ripened into deeper feelings—ay, into deep, pure, enduring love.

Rhoderick hesitated to breathe his passion;

and Lila did not know how deeply her feelings were enlisted in his favor, until Carl, who had kept a strict surveillance on their actions, broke forth in a storm of passionate jealousy. Then Lila knew she loved Rhoderick Orvis, although her faith was plighted to another.

Her position was pitiable. To appeal to Carl's better nature—to tell him that marriage-vows to him were lies to kill her soul—to ask him to release her—was, she instinctively felt, futile. Instead, therefore, of denying his accusations, she burst into a wild fit of weeping, which fully confirmed his suspicions, while it added fuel to the flames of jealousy smoldering in his heart. His was a nature at once crafty, evil and cunning. So he pretended contrition, asked pardon for doubting her love, professing to believe it was wholly his, and changed the conversation.

His plans were already laid. What they were, remains to be seen.

All this, and more, passed through Lila Wynde's mind as she sat there, and had grown weary of listening to the clamor of the wind. The fire died out; the old-fashioned clock in the corner struck twelve. Lila rose, walked to the window, and pushed aside the curtain. The sea shone like molten silver in the dim moonlight, girdled by the weird-looking beach, which stretched away into the shadow of night, along which the incoming tide was breaking with no little tumult. Lila smiled; she was thinking of Rhoderick Orvis. Then a cloud passed over her face, as some unpleasant thought came into her mind, and dropping the curtain, she turned away hastily. A bright fire burned in the other room, where her father and Carl sat; but now there was a lull in their conversation, and the silence of death reigned everywhere.

It must have been instinct that prompted Lila to walk to the closet, take a book, matches, and a small lamp from a shelf near the door; as she came out, a few words Carl addressed her father fell upon her ears and transfixed her to the spot. She listened breathlessly.

"I tell you he has the money—will bring it from the town to-night," Carl said, eagerly. "A thousand dollars are not to be picked up every day."

"No," her father answered; there was a strange hesitation in his voice, she thought.

"And we must have it."

"He may make a desperate resistance. Are we prepared for it?"

For answer, Carl drew out a revolver, and laid it on the table beside him; his eyes flashed defiantly, and his face was aglow with very wickedness.

"No, no! not that!" the old fisherman said, hoarsely.

"And why not?" Carl responded, savagely. "Why not, when the money will enable us to live like men? This is my plan: we will get the money—we will not let a life stand in the way. Once in our possession, we will fly the country, Lila and all. It will be too hot to hold us," he continued, with a bitter, reckless, ringing laugh.

Her father made some reply, which Lila failed to overhear; but she caught these words, after the lapse of some minutes:

"In half an hour. 'Twill be after midnight then; and the dark, lonely glen is just the place—no prying eyes there."

All this Lila heard distinctly—heard, as one hears in a dream. Long before they ceased speaking, the truth had dawned upon her. The man whom they proposed to rob, and, perhaps, murder, was Rhoderick Orvis.

He had lately purchased a tract of land adjoining his own, and the money was to pay the person from whom he bought it. It was an awful moment for the young girl! For an instant she seemed about to lose her senses; the next, she grew calm, and her heart rose up proud, defiant and courageous. She would save him!

But she must act quickly; not a minute was to be lost. Carl and her father were making ready to start. To snatch a heavy cloak from the opposite wall, wrap it about her shoulders, move swiftly across the room, and unfasten the door, was for Lila the work of scarcely more than a second. She unfastened the door, closed it noiselessly, and found herself in the little yard outside. It was some distance from the house to the glen; but the journey was one of rapid execution. And hardly had she gained the top of the narrow gorge, when the sound of wheels coming swiftly over the rough road fell upon her ears, and presently a phaeton containing Rhoderick and Alice Orvis came in sight.

With a fervent prayer on her white lips, the young girl glided forward as they drew near the spot where she was tremblingly stationed, and the phaeton halted when they observed the dark-robed figure standing in the middle of the road, effectually barring further progress. Lila addressed them at once:

"Back! back!" she cried, in a sharp, excited tone. "If you value your lives, turn back. Death lurks in the path you are pursuing!"

A thrill of superstitious awe ran through her listeners. Alice uttered a cry of mingled terror and alarm; but Rhoderick rose up, saying as he did so:

"Who are you?"

"A friend! Do as I bid you, and all will be well," was answered. "Remember, you are warned!" floated back to them on the still night-air. And Lila was gone.

There was no mistaking the sincerity of her words. Rhoderick felt this, and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, and the wild entreaties of his sister, he sprung from the vehicle, assisted her to alight, and securing the horse to a tree, turned into a path that led across the fields to their house. It was his intention to return as soon as he had conducted his sister home, take charge of the horse, and, if possible, learn more respecting the night's adventure. Neither recognized the person who gave them the timely warning; and Rhoderick had not the faintest idea that it was gentle Lila Wynde who had saved his life.

Their retreating footsteps had not died away before old Casper Wynde entered the glen, glancing about him at every step, as though he feared their prey had escaped. What his conjectures were on finding the horse and vehicle there, we can not say; but a glimmering of the

truth must have come to him there; for, after a moment's hesitation, he sprung into the chaise, seized the reins, and drove rapidly down the glen to the spot where Carl was lying in concealment. At the bottom of the vehicle was a large fur cloak, which Rhoderick had worn and forgotten in his hasty departure; and almost unconsciously the old man drew this about his shoulders. Attired thus, a casual observer would have easily mistaken him for Rhoderick Orvis. Their height was almost similar, and their figures were certainly much the same.

By this time he had gained the end of the glen and passed on. A moment after, the report of a pistol rung out, and a bullet whistled along the beach. That shot was a fatal one.

Lila, hurrying breathlessly homeward, heard it and shuddered. She had meant to avoid the spot where she guessed her father and Carl laid in wait for their victim; but now, impelled by a stronger curiosity than she could resist, she ran thither.

It was an open space at the end of the glen, covered almost with huge boulders, around which the road wound like a great white serpent; and when she reached the place, a strange sight met her eyes.

Carl Conner was standing beside the prostrate form of her father; far down the road she saw a horse and phaeton going at a fearful speed, certes running away. Lila grew pale as the dead. She took a step nearer to Carl, and this was but to confirm the fear that suddenly smote her—her father was dead! Yes, dead! and the moonlight streaming about him showed a fatal wound in his breast, from which the blood was oozing in a crimson stream.

When she saw Rhoderick's cloak lying near him—even then she recognized it—her mind grasped the truth. Carl had mistaken her father for Rhoderick Orvis, and shot him dead. And it was so—the old fisherman rode straight to his doom.

Slowly the horrified girl turned to Carl. His face looked, in the weirdly glimmering moonlight, the color of death itself; a violent tremor shook him from head to foot; he seemed paralyzed with horror. He moved toward her; but she waved him off.

"Go!" she said, slowly, solemnly, sternly. "Go, and never let me look upon your face again. Go, and may the orphan's curse forever follow you!"

Without a word, without daring to cast a glance at the rigid form of his miserable victim, the guilty, terrified villain slunk away, never to return.

Then Lila Wynde's senses reeled, and, pale and ghastly, she sank to the earth beside the dead body of her father.

And thus Rhoderick Orvis found her a few moments later.

It was a year before Lila recovered from the effect of the dreadful shock she received that night, or ceased to think of her father's terrible fate. And when she became Rhoderick's wife, even the limitless love he lavished upon her did not suffice to banish it entirely from her mind.

Hints and Helps.

BOUQUETS.

WHEN you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it with fresh water; then put it in a vessel containing soapsuds; this will nutrify the stem and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways (the stock entering first) into clean water. Keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by hand with water, replace it in the soapsuds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soapsuds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but the attention of the fair creatures, as directed above, must be given them, or all will perish.

TANNING.

SOME time since was the inquiry, how to tan skins with the hair on? Any one can succeed in doing so by taking two parts saltpepper and one of alum, pulverizing them well together; spread the skin carefully, fur side down; before it has got dry apply the mixture evenly, being careful to touch every part with a sufficient quantity to thoroughly wet the surface after it dissolves; double the flesh side and roll it up closely, put it in a cool place out of the way of the frost, and let it remain three or four days, perhaps, according to the thickness; then unroll, and when it gets nearly dry, with a dull knife remove the fat that may adhere in spots, and a little rubbing will make it pliable and fit for use.

ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.</h



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BEAT TIME

Evidently is no novice in the use of tongue or pen. His "Taps" read with a roar; and did he pay for all the buttons he sets flying, he never could hope to pay his debts. Why he has hitherto kept the nimble steed of his wit in such close confinement we can not say; but now that we have drawn him out, and got him in our exclusive hands, we shall expect to see the dust fly along the literary highway.

Woman's Influence.—The most powerful and beneficial of the influences ordinarily at work in the formation of human character is that of a woman. Man in life is what he is, to a great extent, by the power of woman. His infancy being committed to her charge, and his childhood spent in her society, her sayings and doings first impress themselves upon him. The prayer that she taught him first to lisp is never forgotten. Her exhortations and examples for good, and her praise of generosity and nobleness remain fresh in memory, and prove instrumental in preserving him from many temptations and dangers, and qualifying him for the arduous and responsible duties of manhood. The noble qualities displayed by illustrious men are generally the fruit of seed sown in infancy. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it," said one of old; and experience continues to this day to illustrate its truth. Napoleon attributed all his success to the sound principles taught him by his mother. Hogg's poetical talent was inspired and fostered by his mother. So with most great men; their first steps have been guided by a mother's hand, and their greatness has been the result of the early tuition of a woman. But it is within the social circle that woman's influence is mostly exercised. Soothing with her smile and cheerfulness the sons of toil, and counteracting the depressing tendencies of the world, she restores strength to the weakened frame, smooths the ruffled brow, calms the careworn mind, and infuses into the weary heart fresh spirits and exhilarating hopes, with which to go forth to fight the great battle of life. It is in the hour of sickness and distress that woman's virtues most brightly shine. Her tender and patient care guards us through the trial. But at all times she is the great ornament, the benevolent genius, of home. She transforms the hovel of poverty into the palace of peace, where, reigning as an enthroned monarch, she dispenses

pleasure and joy to all within her circle, thus becoming a being necessary to man, and to man's happiness:

"Oh there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it;
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As home and friends around us!"

A Man of Business.—A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements; does nothing carelessly or in a hurry; employs nobody to do what he can as easily do himself; keeps every thing in its proper place; leaves nothing undone which ought to be done, which circumstances permit him to do; keeps his designs and business from the view of others; is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not overtrade his capital; prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit transactions at all times when they can be advantageously made, either in buying or selling, and small profits with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing to memory which can and ought to be committed to writing; keeps copies of all important letters which he sends away, and has every letter and invoice belonging to his business, titled, cleared and put away. He never suffers his desk to be confused by many papers lying upon it; is always at the head of his business, well knowing if he leaves it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim that he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted, and is constantly examining his books, and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers and constituents, both at home and abroad; avoids as much as possible all sorts of accommodations in money matters and lawsuits, when there is the least hazard; is economical in his expenditures, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum-book, with a pencil in his pocket, in which he writes every little particular relative to appointments, address, and petty cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous only when urged by motives of humanity.

Don't Fret!—Fretting is the most expensive habit that king or peasant can indulge in. It is the most vexing habit that surrounding beings can be subjected to. It is one of the most unchristian-like habits. If indulged in until it becomes chronic, it is then a disease, like insanity, and should be treated as such. It wears deep as grief and as ugly as sin. Fretting never did any good, never repaired any losses, never affected the weather, never mended a rent, never kept a dinner or heart warm. If you must fret, go off somewhere by yourself and do it. You may not enjoy it quite so well, but others will, vastly more. If you have any beauty, health, happiness or friends to lose, you can not afford to fret, else you lose them, all that makes life worth having. If any affair can be bettered by action, act with all your might. If rolling and tossing away a sleepless night will work out a redemption, then roll and toss. You say you can't help worrying and fretting and bowering trouble? Your self-government is of a poor quality then. You need to be put into subjection unto yourself. Drive down a stake to-day and burn these words in it: "I will not fret, though the heavens seem to be falling. I will not, though nothing but plague and disaster be this day's portion. I will not climb a mountain until I reach its base. I will not die twice, when it is appointed unto us to die but once. I will suffer nothing in imagination, but composedly accept the reality if it comes. I will do all I can to avert misfortune, and remember what lies beyond my reach lies in the hands of One greater than I. To fret, is to lose in this life and that which is to come. I can not afford to fret."

A Mother's Love.—Here is an old story as good as ever. One very cold day in winter a woman was obliged to cross the mountain with her little baby-boy in her arms. When she got to the top of the mountain she became very cold, and began to fear that she and her little babe would freeze to death; but she resolved to take some of the clothing from herself and wrap it around her child. So she folded her shawl all around the infant, then she laid him out of the wind in the cleft of the rock. The next morning she was found dead near by, but the babe, in the cleft of the rock, was quite well and warm. When that child grew up he must have loved that mother much, for he knew how she had died to save his life. He could not remember her face, for he was too young when she died; but he loved her, and was not ashamed of her, though she was a poor woman. If he had been, I think the boys in Scotland would have felt like taking him to some high mountain and leaving him there to freeze to death. One day, many years after, a minister was relating this story, when a soldier came forward, and, with tears in his eyes, said: "That was my mother; she died to save my life; she hid me in the cleft of the rock. I love her; but I can never tell how I love my Savior, who, when I was in danger of dying the 'second death,' said to me, 'I will put thee in the cleft of the rock and will cover thee.'"

Simplicity is Beauty.—The late Fitz Greene Halleck said: "A letter fell into my hands which a Scotch servant girl had written to her lover. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitable. I wondered how in her circumstances in life she could have acquired so elegant a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in the city of New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve the mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked her how it was that in her humble circumstances in life she had acquired a style so beautiful that the most cultivated minds could not admire it. 'Sir,' said she, 'I came to this country four years ago. Then I could not read or

write. But since then I have learned to read and write, but I have not yet learned to spell; so always when I sit down to write a letter, I select those words which are so short and simple that I am sure to know how to spell them.' There was the whole secret. The reply of that simple-minded Scotch girl condensed a world of rhetoric into a nut-shell. Simplicity is beauty."

Good Models.—Education is very much a question of models. We mold ourselves insensibly after the characters, manners, habits, and opinions of those about us. The child, under the mother's eye, models itself after that mother, whose example teaches it more efficiently than language can do. Is the mother a virtuous, intelligent woman? In nine cases out of ten the child will grow like unto her. Is the mother a slattern, and vicious in temper and habits? Then woe for her child! Who is the boy's model? Is he a good and great man? Then look up, boy, and you will grow toward him!

Going Home with the Girls.—The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative before their hearts are presentable. It is a great trial to a tender or tough age. For any overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing there are a dozen girls within, and knock or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and then sit down and dispose of one's hands, is an achievement of which few can boast. If a boy can get so far as to measure off ten yards of tape with one of the girls, and cut it short at one end, he may stand a chance to spend a pleasant evening; but let him not flatter himself that the trials of the evening are over. There comes at last the break up. The dear girls don their hoods and put on their shawls, and look so saucy, so mischievous and unimpressible as if they did not wish any one to go home with them. Then comes the "pinch," and the boy having the most pluck makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and crooking his elbow, stammers out the words: "Shall I see you home?" She touches her finger to his arm, and thus they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as awkward as goslings. As soon as she is safe inside her own door, he struts home; and really thinks he has been and done it.

I Can Do Without It.—I like to hear this sentence spoken by the fresh, rosy mouth of a comely young woman. There is something so sensible, independent and energetic in those fine, simple words that I should almost feel sure that the young lady who could clearly enunciate them in turning her back on a love of a hat, which just suits her style or complexion, or in refusing a costly or desirable dress, offered on tempting terms, and abide by her decision in spite of certain little regretful twinges (which are sure always to trouble the heart of any woman who denies herself the buying of a thing, when she finds it dirt cheap) would be very likely to make a prudent and reliable housekeeper. "I can do without it!" If we would always say this when we are tempted by some handsome or convenient article which we do not really need, but which we feel a desire to possess, partly because "it is so cheap," what a world of trouble we might save ourselves! Mrs. Tenpence, when she goes on a shopping expedition, is so likely to forget that her purse hasn't as deep a bottom as Mrs. Fivetwenty's; and so likely to argue that it would be "so nice" to have this dress or that cloak, because Mrs. Fivetwenty has one just like it! If, on such occasions, she would only say, bravely: "I can do without it!" how much unhappiness, how many heart-burnings, and how many bitter tears she might save herself thereby. My dear Mrs. Tenpence, don't regulate your expenses by those of Mrs. Fivetwenty. Let Mrs. Fivetwenty spend her money as suits her best, but do you regulate your expenses by your actual needs. Remember, I say *actual*, and not *fanatical* needs. If you will do this there will never be any more occasion for mean little subterfuges in getting money from Mr. Tenpence; no prevaricating as to how you have spent what you had before; no need of making a scape-goat of the "household expenses," on the plea that "every thing in that line is so dear, now!"—no premonitory misgivings and frightened tremblings if the parcels and the bills should happen to come in while Tenpence is at home. And never any more heart-sinkings and bitter despairings over certain unpaid bills which you hide away so carefully from Tenpence. Oh, those bills! What terrible things they are! I know I'd never have one haunting me by day and by night like a troubled spirit. Payment is the only way to bury these ghosts of past imprudence and want of foresight. I'd ten times rather go without an article, no matter how badly I needed it, rather than not pay upon purchase. Better to say I can do without it! and I would do without it, too! But I'll tell you of some things which you can not well afford to do without: First of all, a clear conscience; secondly, a cheerful spirit; thirdly, a mind so situated to cheerful self-sacrifice that you can see Mrs. Fivetwenty flaunt by you in the street, with a new bonnet and dress that cost treble and quadruple what your own cost, and a shawl so rich that your well-kept wrappings look dingy and poor in comparison, without the least bit of a heartache, and then say pleasantly: "I can do without all that!" And so you can, if you happen to be the possessor of the three things above specified. And if you are, I think you'll agree with me that you could not do without them—no, not for the sake of all the gros-grain silks and Lyons velvets that were ever imported into this country. A homely article on a homely subject! Are not we, of this generation, in danger of forgetting that *self-denial* is one of the virtues? I don't counsel extremes in any case. But can we not set a boundary to our wants? Draw the line somewhere, and with one tithe of the surplus thus saved you will always be able to do a little to help those more unfortunate than you are; and instead of feeling the deprivation, you will think that the happiness which results from *saving* and *giving* is very cheaply earned and worth more than all the fine things the money so appropriated could buy.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Ah, Nettie, I find myself to-day
In reveries of retrospection,
Of pleasures many years away,
Which even now have bright reflection;
And you were then my boyish flame,
The maid of all my heart's romances,
Whom to revere was greater fame
Than all that comes with manhood's chances.

I first took pen in praise of you,
And invoked all the Muses,
To aid my lengthened tribute through,
And trapped the Graces with my ruses.
I scolded to write in prosy prose,
And nothing short of rhymed epistles
Would suit my passion as it rose,
For then I piped *Aeolian* whistles.

You recollect the shorter lays
We used to sing at the piano—
I rambled at the basest base,
You gayly singing in soprano.
Those keys unlocked my heart to you;
Your hands to watch I never grew sick;
And I would sigh as lovers do,
And gently lay it to the music.

Your eyes were azure to the core;
They had a certain way about them,
That won my favor long before
I learned to love or learned to doubt them.
A kind of asking charm that said
More language than your lips could utter;
For you were bashful then, and made
But little show at woman's splutter.

Your hand was fairy-like and fair,
Well-shaped—perhaps a little slender;
I got it once upon my ear,
And in a way that was not tender.

Sometimes a busy moment came,
When you would let me hold it for you,
But, when I praised it you would blame,
And seemed to think I meant to bore you.

Your mouth was what took me the most;
Two words pout so sweet when I would "Miss" you,
And when politer space was crossed.

"Twould reddish so when I would kiss you!

We learned more rules in etiquette,

Than science in our etymology.

And while I lisped a little, Nettie,
My chiefest study was *mith-ology*.

We were quite young, then: scarcely great,
But, soon got old in lovers' actions

And knew more rules in common *etele*.

We better knew where parties were,

Than geographical location;

Found mutual interest darlinger

Than compound interest or equation.

Our hearts were always conjugate—

The verb "love" always conjugated!

We over-ate us at a ball;

Our faith was never over-rated;

"I love thee for thy lovely form,"

I once wrote, but the types made laughter.

By saying, "for thy lovely form,"

A thing I did look forward, after!

We met at every "kissing-bee."

To the neglect of grammar lessons;

What's'er the lack at school might be.

Of "kissing-bees" we took the essence.

I never saw you pay a pawn,

By "picking grapes," with other fellows,

Or to some other kneeling down,

But I got much displeased and jealous.

I languished for you, which was true:

You were my arch in all the bridges;

You kissed the boys in clambering through,

And I got mad—they hung like leeches!

I always chose you in a rout,

And pouted for you in the corners;

For you, when I was guarded out,

I was the chiefest of all mourners.

I caught you when my eyes were tired;

You always caught my "philopena";

When I was groom, you were the bride

In all play-weddings—which were many!</

INDEED, I NEVER KNEW.

BY SARAH COTTEW.

When they asked me of his eye,
If it was black or blue,
I could only make reply:
"Indeed, I never knew!
I only saw the sunny glance,
That broke in splendor through."

When they asked me of his face,
If it was dark or fair,
I could only answer back:
"I neither know nor care;
I paused a moment but to read
The fine expression there."

When they asked me of his form,
His manners and his mind,
I could only answer them,
With feelings undefined:
"I only know that when he went,
His image stayed behind."

And when they asked me if I loved—
If my young heart was stirred,
I blushed and could not answer them—
I could not say a word,
Nor tell them that my heart was sick
With happiness deferred.

Captive of the Convent.

BY LIEUT. SIDNEY WAYNE.

MEXICO, the city of the Montezumas, slept in darkness. The night patrols paced up and down the dark streets, and stopped every passer-by who looked in the least suspicious. Bearded men, in broad rimmed sombreros and long cloaks, stopped now and then, exchanged a word or two with the guardians of the night, and passed on. These are the paid spies, or "vigilantes," employed by the ruler of the realm to pry into the private affairs of the citizens. In a country like Mexico, full of cabals and conspiracies, these men are very useful. Many a dark plot has been nipped in the bud, and the actors brought to the guillotine suddenly by their means. Few other people are seen in the street. They know too well how little it takes to bring suspicion upon a man in Mexico, and how the vigilantes levy blackmail upon unfortunate and belated travelers. A single man, closely wrapped in a cloak, passing the entrance of an alley, is suddenly startled by the appearance of an officer springing out of the darkness.

"Good-morning, señor. You are late to-night."

"Unfortunately, señor," replied the man. "I pray you do not stop me. I am going home."

"Your name?"

"Emanuel Constellano."

"And your occupation?"

"A captain of lancers," replied the young man, throwing open his cloak, and showing the gaudy uniform of that rank in the service of the Iturbide. "What would you have with me? Certainly you ought to know me too well to extort money from me."

"Extort? The señor is pleased to jest with me. Allow me to remind him that the vigilantes of the emperor never extort. *Solicit*, you should say. Our necessities, and the poor pay we receive, sometimes forces it upon us. Unfortunately, I am in that position to-night."

"And what may be your pretext? You know I am free from suspicion."

"Undoubtedly. Yet I think I can give the señor a reason why he should favor me with a small loan, for the benefit of a distressed family. The señor captain would not like to be stopped in the business he is about to-night. Allow me to whisper in your ear."

The officer whispered something in the ear of the young captain, who started, and putting his hand in his pocket, passed something which glittered in the lamp-light into the hand of the vigilante, which closed upon it instantly. With a muttered "Gracias, señor," the man stepped back, and allowed the young officer to proceed. With a suppressed anathema against spies and leeches, he plunged into a narrow alley, upon one side of which was a wall about eight feet high. Opening his cloak, he removed from his body a piece of stout rope, which he threw over the wall, where it caught upon spikes fixed into the top.

Grasping it firmly, he climbed to the top of the wall, and, reversing his rope, taking the precaution to fasten it firmly, he let himself down into a garden neatly and tastefully laid out. Leaving his rope where it was, he walked quickly across the grounds and entered an arbor at the back, where he sat down upon a bench and waited impatiently. Half an hour passed, when a light step was heard, and a lady, with diamonds glittering upon her neck and arms, entered the arbor. The young man sprung up, and seizing her hands in his, led her to a seat in the arbor, covering her hands with kisses.

"Emanuel," she said, softly, "I am afraid of what may happen if we continue to meet. My

friends would do any thing to keep us asunder, and my uncle yesterday uttered fearful threats against me if I dared to exchange a word with one of your blood, and especially with you."

"And why, Carlotta? I never wronged your uncle in my life."

"I know it, Emanuel. But he hates your family, for some reason, and said he would sooner see me laid in my grave than married to you. I dare not think what would be the consequence if we were found together. He would kill you, if you were found here, I am sure."

"Ramon Diaz ought to know that I wear a sword, and can use it, if need be. Let him look to himself, for I swear by my patron saint that you shall be my wife. Carlotta, why not fly tonight? The priest, Thomaso, is under obligations to me, and he will unite us. Once my wife, let me see whether all the malice of Ramon Diaz can separate us. I am the favorite of the emperor, and he would not see me wronged."

"I can do this."

"Yet think, Carlotta. Another such opportunity as this may not occur. In a week I must leave Mexico as an envoy to the United States, and I could take you with me. The hatred of Diaz could not reach me there."

"It might. I know not what to say. I love you, Emanuel. I am not ashamed of it, for I know you love me, in return. But you do not know how I fear that dark man, my uncle. No, Emanuel, go away and leave poor Carlotta Diaz to her fate. My prayers shall be with you always, and when you find some one worthy of you and of your love, marry her, and forget me. No—not forget me, I do not think I could bear that. But come sometimes to my grave, when I am dead, and say to the woman who is your wife: 'Under this stone lies one who loved me well.'"

"You wrong me, Carlotta. My love does not change so soon. Promise to fly with me, and, far from Mexico and those who hate us, we will live happy lives. There are other lands in which

"I have but a single question to ask before I proceed with the work I am forced to do," he said. "Will you give up Emanuel Constellano and his whole house, now and forever?"

"I will not," replied the girl, firmly.

"Enough, Carlotta. Pedro, Gomez, come in here."

Two of her uncle's constant attendants entered the room, and seized her without a word. She was bound and gagged, and placed in a carriage outside the door. The next moment, it rolled away in the darkness. She heard her uncle give the word of the night to the vigilantes, who stopped them from time to time, and would have cried for help but for the precautions they had taken. After a ride of about an hour, a handkerchief was passed about her eyes and tightly bound. Then her uncle lifted her in his arms and carried her through what seemed a damp, vaulted passage, a heavy door clanged behind them, and a woman's voice spoke:

"You have brought her, then, Ramon?"

"I was forced to do it," he replied. "My scruples are renounced. Understand me: you are to keep this girl as long as I like, and in return, I will pay into your hands ten thousand pistoles, for your own use and benefit. Do you understand?"

"It is agreed," said the woman. "Cut the cord upon her feet, and I will lead her. Take the torch above the mantel and lead the way."

Diaz did as she requested, and Carlotta felt a thrill pass through her, for it seemed to her that this woman was a serpent. There was something in the cold, clammy touch of her hand which gave the fair girl a terrible feeling of repulsion. She was led on some distance through long passages, descending many steps, until they stopped again, and another door was locked. The bandages were taken from her eyes and she saw that she stood in a low room, entered by a single iron-studded door. Her uncle, with a torch in his hand, stood near her. Carlotta

will not forswear my love for Emanuel Constellano."

The woman replied by an evil smile, and left the room, closely locking the trap behind her. Poor Carlotta could not have raised it, even if the lock had not been sprung, but prisoners sometimes do strange things, and it was better to be careful. Carlotta rose, and drawing the single stool to the low table, ate a little of the hard food before her, and then looked about her. By daylight, she could see something of surrounding objects, and knew that the cool air which came in through the barred window was from the outside. She wrote a note, wrapped it about a gold coin, which she had, and flung it through the bars. Then, drawing the table close to the window, she tried to reach it by standing on it, but in vain. Even by the aid of the stool she could only touch the bottom of the window with her finger-ends. Grasping it firmly, with a strength which desperation only could give, she raised herself a moment and looked out. The window was simply a grating, looking out upon a filthy alley but little traveled. That was all she could see before she dropped from sheer exhaustion. When she had recovered strength, she removed the table and stool from the window and sat down, just as her uncle entered. He only asked her the same question, and upon receiving a negative answer, left her, telling her that she would not see him again for a month.

Two weeks passed in her hideous tomb. Every day she wrote some appeal for sympathy and aid, and threw it from the window. Nothing came of it, and she began to despair. Day after day she grew weaker, and at last did not leave her low pallet. Yet, to all suggestions of Inez that she should change her decision, she had but one answer. She felt that the confinement was killing her, and that before her uncle came to her again, she would be at rest.

Lying, one day, upon her hard bed, almost beyond the reach of pain, she heard the click of the springs which held the heavy door. Too weak to care even that one of her persecutors intended to visit her, she did not turn her head until she heard a well-known voice say, "Carlotta!"

She sprung up with a glad cry, and threw herself into her lover's arms, crying:

"At last, at last, Emanuel. You have saved me."

The last missive she had thrown from the window had done the work. A man, in passing, was hit in the face by it, and opened it from curiosity. It begged whoever found it to carry it to Emanuel Constellano, and tell him how he came by it, describing the situation of the grating. The man was honest, and complied with the request.

Emanuel went with him to the spot, and found that the place was a convent. Armed by an order from Iturbide, and accompanied by a bishop, the young captain forced his way into the convent, and compelled Inez, the lady superior, to show the way to the dungeon of the prisoner, swearing that if she refused, he would arouse the populace and tear down the convent stone by stone. She yielded, and that same night fled, with Ramon Diaz, from Mexico, never to return.

The flight of her uncle left Carlotta free, and she no longer feared to declare her love for Emanuel. And when the golden summer of that sunny land was at its brightest, they were married. Neither Inez nor Ramon Diaz were ever seen again.

Wild Nathan:

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGER.

BY PAUL J. PRESCOTT.

CHAPTER V—CONTINUED.

PASSING from the gorge, Kent turned up the creek, which he followed for a considerable distance, and then struck off to the south. From this point there was a beautiful view of the mountains, and the young hunter resolved to explore further. Accordingly he shaped his course toward the desired point, and walked briskly for the space of half an hour, paying, meantime, but little heed to Wild Nat's injunction about keeping a look-out for Indians. His thoughts were with Marion Verne, and he wandered on abstractedly, till the extreme beauty of the scene before him drew his attention, and he stopped to look about him.

Before, the mountains reared their heads, and at the left a high cliff shot upward, crowned with a few stunted cedars, and draped with a profusion of wild vines. He stood on a slight eminence, which sloped away to the right, terminating in a series of gorges, deep and shadowy, and covered with a thick growth of slender trees, laced and interlaced with bushes and vines, till they were almost impenetrable. Around him huge trees reared their heads, and bushes and vines grew in the wildest confusion, and



"GO DOWN!" HE SAID, STERNLY.

high in the ether a large bird screamed harshly as it flew slowly over.

As the young man stood silently contemplating the scene, and wondering at the deep silence which pervaded it, he was startled suddenly, by hearing deep, guttural voices near him.

He had barely time to spring aside in the bushes, when, standing precisely where he had stood a moment before, he beheld eight or nine hideously-painted savages. Evidently the noise of his retreat had startled them, for they stopped and listened attentively. He scarcely dared to breathe, so close were the savages to him—the nearest one standing not more than six feet distant. He was so situated that he could see the Indians, while they could not see him, but, unfortunately, in his haste, he had neglected to get his gun concealed, and about six inches of the muzzle protruded from the bushes. He dared not withdraw it, well knowing that the slightest movement would betray him, and with bated breath he stood, hoping they would not discriminate between it and the stems of the bushes.

The hope was a vain one. The Indian nearest him turned his head an instant and his eyes fell on the unlucky rifle. With a ferocious grunt, he darted forward, followed by the rest. For Wayne there was nothing to do but to run, and, firing both barrels at the advancing foe, he turned and fled toward one of the gorges before mentioned, the whole pack at his heels.

The young man was an expert runner, but running on open ground was quite a different thing from running in this wilderness, as he soon found. However, he made pretty good progress, scrambling over logs, leaping rocks, and dodging under lodged trees, over stones and dead boughs, "ducking" his head to avoid limbs, and diving through thickets of vines, with a celerity which would have astonished any one new to the business, and utterly impossible, had it not been for the "motive power" behind.

Gradually he found he was distancing his pursuers, though they still were not far behind. Hurrying forward, he scrambled through a tangled thicket, and plunged down a narrow gorge, half filled with bushes, through whose rocky bottom a little stream bubbled, and which terminated in a sort of broken dell, intersected by ravines and gulf-like fissures in every direction. Darting into one of these, he followed it until the sound of pursuit had grown faint, and then, panting and exhausted, he sunk down against the rocky bank and drew a long breath. As he sat there, mentally congratulating himself on his escape, and thinking of the discomfiture of his enemies, his musings were suddenly interrupted by a vice-like grip on his arm, and a guttural voice saying in most execrable English:

"Ugh! White man go with us."

Looking up he found himself surrounded with Indians, painted similarly to the ones he had just left behind.

He was a prisoner!

In an instant the woods rung with the wild whoops of his captors, and directly the Indians who had pursued him arrived, rejoicing at the capture, and brandishing their tomahawks with savage glee. After a short consultation, the white man was bound securely, and mounted on a small nag, whose powers of locomotion evidently had been exhausted years before, and the whole party set out on the march.

As they journeyed on, the young man's thoughts were of any thing but a pleasant nature. A prisoner in the hands of these merciless savages, with no one who knew of his whereabouts, what hope was there? If Wild Nathan knew of his plight there might be a rescue, and yet, what was one man against so many?

They traveled steadily on until late in the afternoon; then halted in a wood, and all dismounted. Wayne was considerably puzzled by the proceedings. The Indians held a short council, and finally an old, grave-looking fellow, who, Kent thought, might be a chief from his appearance, and from the deference paid him, arose and made a speech of some length. The prisoner, ignorant of the Indian tongue, of course did not comprehend a word, but he saw that the chief's wishes met with approbation, from the nods and grunts of the august assembly.

The chief sat down, and the consultation ended. Kent was most unceremoniously taken from his horse and bound to a small tree. The savages evidently were greatly pleased, and while wondering what it all meant, their prisoner saw several Indians busily engaged in gathering wood, which they deposited near him on the ground. A sickening sensation came over him. The mystery was explained! He was about to be burned at the stake!

The Indians, of whom there were fifteen or sixteen, began to yell and jabber violently, and jumped about, brandishing their war-clubs and tomahawks alarmingly near the prisoner's head, who heartily wished they would strike a hatchet into his skull, and save him from the fearful death before him. He could meet death bravely in any ordinary form, but to be burned at the stake—to die by inches in excruciating torture—the thought was one of horror.

The wood was piled about him, at little distance, to the height of a couple of feet, built up artistically with dry fagots, that looked as if they carried in their gray hearts a world of heat and flame.

At last all was ready; the match was applied, and the little tongues of fire began to curl up among the fagots, creeping slowly, but surely, among the dry wood, and lapping hungrily about the sticks as if impatient for its victim.

The young man resolved to die bravely, and, as the heat increased so that he began to feel its effects, he mentally commended his soul to heaven and breathed a prayer for the safety and welfare of his aged parents, who would mourn his unknown fate.

The savages were executing a wild war-dance, mingled with shouts and songs, and accompanied by waving of clubs and tomahawks, and brandishing of knives. In the shadow of the falling twilight their dusky forms swayed to and fro, and their painted faces, lit by the increasing

flames, looked more like the faces of fiends than of human beings.

The forked tongues of fire crawled on, increasing in strength and fury every moment. Already Kent began to feel their scorching effects. His knees were almost blistered, and the dense, rising smoke nearly suffocated him.

Suddenly he heard the brands behind him rattle as if thrown aside by a hasty hand; the same instant he felt the bands that bound him loosened, and a voice which he instantly recognized as that of Vic Potter, shouted:

"Run for yer life! Take that, ye yaller rips!" and he fired his rifle with such effect that two savages rolled in the dust, and, drawing his knife, struck another who stood in his path; then snatching Kent's gun and powder-horn, which leaned against a tree near at hand, he bounded away into the woods, closely followed by Kent, and vanished in a twinkling!

So intent were the Indians on their barbarous work, that this sudden onslaught of the guide completely surprised them, and with such suddenness and celerity did he do his work, that, before they could recover the shock he was out of sight.

Then, with wild whoops of disappointment and rage they started in pursuit.

"Foller me," said Vic, as he sprung before the young man, "an' in few minits we'll be out o' danger, so tew speak. Hear the cusses yell!"

The trapper made no slow work of measuring the distance, and Kent was not far behind. After five minutes of hard running and dodging the trapper darted round a dense thicket, followed by the other. Kent was surprised to see a man seated on a horse and holding another animal by the halter.

"Up behind me," shouted Vic, springing into the saddle. "Fleetfoot is good for both of us."

The young man mounted with a bound, and the horses dashed away.

"Varmints!" exclaimed the trapper. "Jist hear 'em holler! Guess they'll find the game has giv 'em the slip. Ye see they started after us afoot, an' in course they can't catch us that way, an' it'll take 'em some time tew go arter their hoses."

"You arrived just in time," said Kent, as they swept along. "Ten minutes later it would have been too late."

"Zackly," responded the trapper. "It war lucky I happened along. Ye see, Scip and I—"

"Is that Scip?" interrupted Kent. "I hadn't thought to ask who it was, and the darkness prevented me from seeing. How are you, Scip? So you concluded to try life on the plains a while, eh?"

"Yes," replied the negro. "Vic said mont as well. I's rader feeb ob de Injuns, but, he says, dar's no danger. Looks like it, ye bein' tied up ter brile! Wish I'd staid wid de emigrants."

"There's no danger, so long as you keep out of their way," laughed Kent; "but the trouble is to keep out of reach. I flatter myself that the time I made this morning would be hard to beat, but I fell into their hands after all."

"How war it?" asked Vic.

The young man then related the circumstances of his capture, adding:

"We have distanced our pursuers. There is nothing to be heard."

"Gone arter thanimiles," said Vic. "Which way is the cave?"

"South-west," replied Kent.

"Guess we'll p'int for that, then," said the trapper.

The horses' heads were accordingly turned in that direction, and the little party swept on.

CHAPTER VI.

A HAPPY MEETING.

Two months passed succeeding the events already recorded.

The scene is laid in an Indian village on the banks of the Sweetwater river, and the hour just before sunset.

In a lodge, considerably larger than the others, the curtain-door of which is lifted, sits a young girl, gazing out upon the river and woodlands.

Her head is supported on her hand, a look of deep sadness overspreads her features, and her soft, dark eyes are full of tears. It is Marion Verne, who, since the night of her capture, has been a prisoner among the Indians. She was adopted by the sachem of the tribe, to be a companion for his daughter, and had been treated with kindness. But she felt as if utterly

forsaken—so far from home and friends, with no one but savages for company, and with no prospect of escape. Could she spend her life with these creatures? she asked herself for the hundredth time. No; a thousand times no; and yet how could she avert her fate? Of late a new trouble had come upon her. A young chief, named the Panther, had offered her the honor of becoming his squaw, and as An-ga-ta, (the sachem,) favored his suit, the poor girl was in despair.

Her musings were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Neenah, the daughter of An-ga-ta.

"My sister is sad," she said, in broken English, which she had learned from Marion. "Can Neenah help her? She does not like to see the Dark Eyes unhappy."

"Would not Neenah be sad if An-ga-ta wished her to marry a brave she did not love?" asked Marion.

The Indian girl nodded. "Neenah would. Does not the Dark Eyes love the Panther? He is very good and brave. Long ago he had eyes for Neenah and ears for her words. Since the Dark Eyes came he sees only her," said the girl, sadly.

"Why does he leave you, to seek one who is of another people?" asked Marion.

"His heart has forgotten Neenah," replied the girl. "He is now talking with An-ga-ta. He wants my sister."

"Oh!" said Marion, "I can not marry him! If your father would only let me go to my people!"

At that moment a shadow crossed the doorway and the great sachem entered. Seating

himself gravely, he continued in silence for some minutes.

"The Panther seeks the Dark Eyes," he said at last. "He would have her to tan his skins, and keep his lodge-fire burning. When three suns shall pass, the marriage-feast will be eaten and the Dark Eyes be given to the Panther. Let her prepare."

So saying the chief arose, and folding his blanket around him left the lodge, leaving Marion bewildered and despairing. She sat for a long time weeping bitterly, and paying little heed to Neenah's expression of sympathy, and then retired to her couch.

All the long night she lay awake, thinking over the chief's words, and trying to devise some plan of escape. So far from finding any, she only grew bewildered thinking of it, and with the first rays of dawn fell into an uneasy sleep.

The day passed drearily enough, and night came again and passed, and yet Marion was undecided how to act. The morning of the second day she arose, and dressing herself hastily, went out. She had always been allowed to walk about the village, the Indians knowing that there was no danger of her attempting to escape. To escape from them would only be to fall into the claws of some wild beast, or perish in the wilds from hunger and exposure. The day wore on while she rambled about, or sat in the shade of bushes on the river's bank, gazing into its shining depths, and thinking of her circumstances. This was the last day of her freedom—if the morrow found her here, she would be made the wife of the Panther, according to Indian law. The thought was horrible! Every moment she grew more desperate. What could she do? Could she fly from the village and find her way to civilization? It was one hundred miles to Fort Laramie; could she ever reach there on foot? There was a bare chance of her falling in with some emigrants, yet it was hardly a chance at all, so improbable was it. There were nine chances out of ten that she would perish before she could reach any fort or settlement, but death was far preferable to living with an Indian. She determined to try for her life.

Going leisurely through the village with some flowers in her hands, she attracted no unusual attention, and arrived at the chieftain's lodge just after the hour of noon. She waited patiently till night, and retired as usual. She was somewhat puzzled to know how to leave the lodge without Neenah's knowledge, as they occupied one couch. Trusting to Providence, she lay down as usual, and waited. For a while the Indian girl tossed about the couch, but, at length, her deep, regular breathing gave evidence that she was asleep. But not yet could our heroine start. The village had not subsided into quiet.

She waited, hoping and fearing, until it was midnight.

Neenah still slept.

Rising silently, Marion robed herself, and with great care not to arouse the Indian girl, nor the chief, stole into the outer room of the lodge. She knew that, in there, was some jerked venison, and a small cake, made of corn meal. These she meant to take with her.

In this room slept the sachem, and Marion's heart beat rapidly as she entered. If he awoke, and saw her! His couch was in one corner, and the girl slowly and silently crossed the room. She had reached the venison and cake, and was returning, when the sachem moved, and evidently thinking he heard something, half arose! Quick as thought, Marion sunk down and waited. The chief glanced around the apartment, and not seeing the crouching figure, and hearing nothing, with a sleepy "Ugh!" composed himself for sleep.

Breathlessly, Marion crouched on the floor, not daring to stir, lest he should be aroused.

Ten, fifteen minutes passed; then the girl rose softly and silently out. Gliding through her room, she noiselessly untied the outer door of skins and passed out. Closing it behind her, she paused a moment to look around. Every thing was quiet and in darkness. The night was rather cloudy, but still light enough for objects to be quite distinct at a few rods distant.

With a beating heart and a murmured prayer, the maiden threaded her way between the lodges, keeping in the shadow as much as possible, and moving with the utmost caution and silence. Meeting with no obstacles, she very soon cleared the village, and stood outside in the silence and gloom.

For a moment her heart failed her. Before her lay the wide forests and extended plains, the abode of wild animals and savage Indians, and but for these, and an occasional trapper, utterly in solitude!

Marion was not very courageous by nature, and the darkness and wildness before her made her tremble with dread; but, one thought of what lay behind nerve her, and she stepped boldly forward. At any moment her absence might be discovered, and this made her quicker her steps. The clouds obscured the stars, but, turning her face in the direction she supposed Fort Laramie to be, she hastened forward, not dreaming that, in her haste and excitement, she was going directly from it!

Wearily the girl traveled on, growing at length so tired that she could hardly stand; but anxious to get away still further from the pursuers, who, she felt certain, were, before this time, on her track, she stumbled forward, until the first yellow light in the east drew her attention. Then, to her despair, she discovered her error. All these weary miles she had gone the wrong way!

Worn out and exhausted, she searched for a spot where she would be screened from observation, to lie down and rest. Besides, she dared not travel by day. Selecting a little thicket of bushes and vines, she threw herself on the ground, and tired and weary, soon fell asleep.

All day long she thus rested, waking but once or twice; but late in the afternoon she was aroused by a rough touch on her arm. Starting up, she beheld the Panther bending over her, and several other Indians standing near!

Once more a prisoner!

The chief took her up without a word, and

placed her on a mustang, which he evidently had brought for her use. Thus mounted, they started toward the village, the other Indians following at some distance on foot. The Panther made no remark, but he kept his hand on her bridle-rein.

They rode slowly for some distance. The wretched maiden had not uttered a word, and seemed to be totally passive. The Panther congratulated himself on his easy success. But, while Marion was silent, she was not unnerved. True, she was almost in despair, but she resolved that she would not go back to the village. Yet, how to escape?

While she was revolving the matter in her mind, the Indians behind got into some kind of a dispute which attracted the Panther's attention. Halting, he for a moment dropped the rein and began to talk to them. Taking advantage of his inattention, Marion suddenly raised her deer-thong whip and struck her horse a stinging blow. The enraged animal started off like a shot.

The savages behind, in their hot anger did not stop their dispute, until the chief yelled furiously at them, which he did in a very menacing manner. Seeing there was no likelihood of overtaking his charge, he called out to the others to shoot her horse, himself setting the example.

Meantime, Marion, with the courage born of desperation, was urging her horse forward in the deep twilight of the woods, when a shower of bullets flew like hail around her. One, more steadily aimed than the others, struck her steed, and he fell beneath her. Springing off, as she felt him sinking, she darted forward into the thickest of the undergrowth, the fearful yells of the savages making her blood curdle. As she worked her way forward in the thicket she caught a glimpse, as she passed it, of a large cottonwood, growing within a small clump of bushes. Into this cover she drew herself. To her great surprise she discovered a small opening in the giant tree. It was so nearly hidden as to be almost invisible. It appeared large enough to afford a retreat, and she hastily wedged herself in it, arranging the little clump of surrounding bushes so as to entirely hide it.

She had barely done so when the Indians burst into the opening, and ran whooping and yelling in every direction around the tree, and passing so close that Marion trembled, lest the loud throb of her heart should betray her.

The savages beat the bushes all around, and for some distance in advance, of course without success. The constantly deepening darkness made every minute add to her security. In a half-hour's time the savages were gone. Waiting a while, she at length, with excessive caution, ventured out, and hurried away from the spot as fast as possible. After walking about three miles she came to the edge of the plain. It was very dark, and afar off she heard the howl of the wolves. She shuddered lest the fierce animals should get on her track. There was but little light from the stars, but shaping her course by the little there was, she went wearily on.

She was getting fearfully tired, and feeling almost as if she did not care whether she lived or died, when she caught sight of a small light, apparently a couple of miles distant. It was evidently the camp-fire of some one, but whether of friend or savage she could not tell.

After considering the matter a while she concluded to go forward, feeling confident that she could get close enough to ascertain whether it was whites or Indians before she would be discovered. Accordingly she hastened on, and when within twenty rods of the fire began to be very cautious. The fire had died down to a bed of smoldering coals, and the light it afforded was not sufficient to reveal the forms around it. As she flitted about, continually changing her position to enable her to see better, and gradually drawing nearer the fire, she was electrified by hearing a rough, but good-natured voice exclaim:

"Would it be ill-mannered for me tew politely ask ye whar ye might be goin'?"

The maiden stopped with a joyful cry. It was the voice of a friend although a stranger. While she stood silent, a tall, slab-sided, long-nosed man advanced from the darkness, and came up to her, trailing a long rifle.

"Tain't often I see a woman," he said, looking at her as if struck by a sudden idea; "therefore ye'll considerately excuse

"Golly," said Scip. "Dese skeeters is mighty sassy. Der awful big, too! Yah, but dey bites sharp!"

"Pooh," said Wild Nathan, "these ain't nothin' tew what I've seen. When I war down in Texas I seen skeeters. They war big as woodpeckers."

"Oh, g'way now!" remonstrated Scip. "'S if I didn't kno' dar neber war no skeeters big's dat ar! 'Tain't in de line o' reason, dat ain't."

"It's so," said the trapper, gravely. "Ye see, Scip, in the hot countries they grow bigger. I've seen 'em quite often as big as young turkeys, an' skeeters the size of woodpeckers warn't nothin' uncommon!"

Scip said no more, but became very serious.

"Let's roll up an' snooze," said Vic. "I'm gittin' sleepy, an' we must be off airy. The Injuns will be arter the lady, an' we'll stan' a chance of gittin' rubbed out of we don't make tracks lively. S'pose we'll have tew go tew the cave for the present, an' lay low till that animosity cools off a little, 'fore startin' for civilization."

"How far is it to the cave you speak of?" asked Marion.

"Bout fifteen miles," replied Vic.

And then they lapsed into slumber.

Morning broke bright and clear, and the little party were off for the cave in good season. There was no immediate danger apprehended, and they rode at a moderate pace, enjoying the fresh breeze and exhilarating influence of the ride. When about ten miles from their rendezvous, they perceived a large herd of buffalo quietly feeding about a mile distant.

"I'd like some sport with 'em," said Wild Nathan. "It's tew bad tew let sich a chance as that go. But we'll have tew, I opine. 'Twon't detew keep the little 'un here an' have her in danger of Injuns." And the trapper gazed after the herd with a sigh.

"Tell ye what I'll dew," said Vic, halting his horse. "I'll take Marion tew the cave, an' ye can all stay an' hunt ye like. 'Twould be a good plan tew hay some fresh meat. What say?"

"E-pluribus," exclaimed Wild Nathan; "jist the show! Kent, ye jist hand Marion tew Vic, an' in about tew jerks of a beaver's tail we'll snatch some o' them bifflers by the tail, and pull that skins off over that horns."

Accordingly, Marion, who for want of a horse had been obliged to ride behind Kent, mounted behind Vic, and the two kept on their way to the cave, while the others started on the hunt.

(To be Continued.)

Almost Hung.

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY J. G. LA ROE, JR.

THERE had been murder committed up in our part of the country a number of years ago, and we—the traditional hangers around village inns—were discussing it.

Without, the snow was coming down with a vengeance, and the wind came rattling down the chimney, making us think of our own comfort.

Just such a night when something weird can be told or heard with a relish. So the recent murder formed the chief topic; and one man in particular demanded that the murderer should be hung at once.

"Not so, my friend," a white-haired man, with a youthful gaze, exclaimed; at which the man who had demanded the hanging of the supposed murderer, glared fiercely at him. Then, our white-haired friend addressed the entire circle, as he said:

"Seeing that you have condemned without even a hearing, I propose to tell you how it feels to stand in the supposed murderer's shoes. Gentlemen, I was condemned to be hung once, and I can pity that man who is accused of killing his fellow-neighbor."

At this disclosure we sat silent for a couple of minutes, while the man whom we had learned to respect during his short stay among us, awaited our permission to proceed with his story.

"A number of years back—it matters not how many—I lived in a country place in the State of Connecticut. I was the possessor of a mill, and as I had the custom of the farmers for miles around, and being of a saving disposition, the gossips of the place were not far from wrong, when they said I was 'worth something.'

"Some even hinted that I was a miser, (I lived alone) and that untold wealth was the result of long years of solitude.

"Although not received exactly with open arms by my neighbors, I was nevertheless made much of—my reputed wealth doing all this.

"As to my age at that time I was a man of twenty-eight, and my hair was naturally as black as a raven's wing, which description I think imperative to what follows.

"One snowy day in February farmer Jennings came to my house—it being a snowy day I stayed at home—saying he wanted his bag of rye flour, which he had left to be ground a few days before.

"As we went through the fields (the mill was situated on a road back of the house) I noticed that the snow had stopped falling. After giving him his bag of flour and being paid for it we parted.

"I should here remark that farmer Jennings was pretty well off, and somewhat of a miser, for he always had a 'poor mouth.' Therefore, I was very much surprised to see him handle a large pile of eagles and half-eagles (these were the golden times) so carelessly; but I said nothing.

"This took place late in the afternoon, and with no more thoughts of farmer Jennings, I returned to my bachelor home.

"The next morning early I was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Jennings, a little, nervous woman, and the mother of Belle Jennings, the only girl I think I ever cared about!

"There were tears in Mrs. Jennings' eyes as

she told me that George (her husband,) had not been home since the day before. In a country like that, as you know, a person is missed very soon, hence his wife's anxiety.

"I told her under what circumstances we had parted, and when I had finished I fancied I saw a look of aversion on her face, and she went from my presence without bidding me the customary good-day.

"Then a couple of days passed, and several persons I met I noticed turned their heads away. I did not know what to make of it. But, that was soon solved. On going home, my housekeeper informed me that two men were waiting for me in the sitting-room, and very unconcernedly I went in to them.

"In a few minutes I knew all; I was accused of murdering farmer Jennings.

"One of the men was a detective, who had come up from the city 'to work the case up,' while the other was a neighbor who had volunteered to help him.

"On the instant I was accused I changed color, seeing which, the detective said, bluntly: 'An opening confession is good for the soul.'

"They had examined the house, and found nothing to convict, but they argued that I had plenty of time to conceal all that I wanted.

"Of course I stoutly denied being his murderer, and his body not being yet found, they were obliged to go away without their prisoner. Conscious of my innocence, I saw them through the fields, explaining to them where farmer Jennings and I had last parted.

"I confessed to the footprints, very plainly seen, as being ours, when, with a knowing look, they bid me good-by.

"The next day the detective called alone, and I observed he watched my shoes very closely. 'Farmer Jennings, I understand, wore these kind of shoes, and the same size too; how came you with them?' and he asked this question with studied coolness, as he took his note-book out.

"Meanwhile I thought with horror that farmer Jennings had the same kind of a shoe made by the same shoemaker—there was but one in the neighborhood—and that the latter had, remarked, as I paid for the shoes, that farmer Jennings and I had the same sized foot!

"I explained this to the detective, who had no doubt come thus openly to scare me into a confession, but he soon after left me, no wiser than he came.

"So the days passed. Meanwhile I was condemned by my neighbors as being a murderer. Their theory was at least plausible.

"Being young, they argued I was only human, and Belle Jennings was attractive, both as to beauty and as a future heiress. Being miserly, I was tempted by the money which farmer Jennings had in his possession at the time, and which his wife hinted was ten times more. Wasn't that enough to condemn any man?

"So my neighbors thought, for they threatened (headed by Mrs. Jennings,) to hang me several times, and I was fearful of my life.

"In this condition two years passed away. You can't imagine what I suffered. Sometimes my senses left me and I imagined I really was a murderer!

"At the end of the two years a skeleton was found, high and dry on the beach; and the authorities came to but one conclusion—it was the murdered body of farmer Jennings.

"I was at once arrested and thrown in prison. Although (they couldn't of course prove any thing by the skeleton) the clothes had rotted off and become unrecognizable, they proved that it was farmer Jennings' body, and I was the murderer! The result was that I was to be hung by the neck until dead, and in my cell awaited the fatal day; but it never came!

"While the Jennings family were preparing to witness my execution, who should come forward but farmer Jennings himself. His wife fainted at the sight of his ghost, as she thought, but she soon knew all; and on the gallows, before God and man I was declared innocent!

"Farmer Jennings' explanations as to his going away were very obscure, but, after asking my forgiveness I learned the truth. He had had a little spat with his wife, who was of a jealous disposition, and without thinking of the consequences, left her in the ingenious way I have described.

"Although my head had grown milky-white while under that cloud, I became the husband of the blushing Belle, for I wasn't an old man by any means. Gentlemen, that is my experience and how it seems to be 'almost hung.' He is innocent until proven guilty.

Saturday Talk.

Our Modern Youth.—The first thing that strikes one in mixing with young people now is the absence of that diffidence or timidity, which has been supposed to belong to inexperience. There is in them generally, though in different degrees, what in a few may be called self-possession, but in the many must be called self-assurance. Afraid of nothing, abashed at nothing, astonished at nothing, they are ever comfortably assured of their own perfect competence to do or say the right thing in any given position. In schools, in universities, in military colleges, or in the world, wherever the young are assembled, these peculiarities are more or less conspicuous. Nor are they confined to the male sex alone. A girl of eighteen goes with as much assurance to her first drawing-room, as the boy just out of school goes to meet his first introduction to his professional superiors.

Alligators.—Alligators were extremely abundant in the Florida rivers, and the heads of the fishes which they had snapped off, lay floating around on the dark waters. A rifle-bullet was now and then sent through the eye of one of the largest, which, with a tremendous splash of its tail, expired. "One morning," says a correspondent, "we saw a monstrous fellow lying on the shore. I was desirous of obtaining him to make an accurate drawing of his head; and, accompanied by my assistant and two of the sailors, proceeded cautiously toward him. When within a few yards, one of us fired and sent through his side an ounce ball, which tore open a hole large enough to receive a man's hand. He slowly raised his head, bent himself upward, opened

his huge jaws, swung his tail to and fro, rose on his legs, blew in a frightful manner, and fell to the earth. My assistant leaped on shore, and, contrary to my injunctions, caught hold of the animal's tail, when the alligator awakening from its trance, with a last effort crawled slowly toward the water, and plunged heavily into it. Had he once thought of flourishing his tremendous weapon, there might have been an end of his assailant's life, but he fortunately went in peace to his grave, where we left him as the water was too deep. The same morning another of equal size was observed swimming directly for the bows of our vessel, attracted by the gentle rippling of the water there. One of the officers, who had watched him, fired and scattered his brains through the air, when he trembled and rolled at a fearful rate, blowing all the while most furiously. The river was bloody for yards around; but although the monster passed close to the vessel, we could not secure him, and after a while he sunk to the bottom.

Air.—Oxygen is inhaled with the atmospheric air, and also taken in by the pores in the skin; part of it combines chemically with the carbon of the food, and is expired in the form of carbonic acid gas and water. That chemical action is the cause of vital force and heat in man and animals. The quantity of food must be in exact proportion to the quantity of oxygen inhaled, otherwise disease and loss of strength would follow. Since cold air is incessantly carrying off warmth from the skin, more exercise is requisite in winter than in summer—in cold climates than in warm; consequently, more carbon is necessary in the former than in the latter, in order to maintain the chemical action that generates heat, and to ward off the destructive effects of the oxygen which incessantly strives to consume the body.

A Fox's Revenge.—A respectable man of the county of Montgomery resided on the banks of the Mohawk river. One day he went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While sitting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore, stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sunk himself, and then, keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left, and while he was away the hunter unburied the goose and closed the hole, and then resolved to await the issue. In about an hour the fox returned, with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend.

One of Them!—The indisputable acme of woman's rights is attained by Mrs. Samuel Harford, of Moosehead Lake, Me. She kicks the beam at two hundred and fifty pounds avordupois, cut a hundred cords of wood "for knitting-work," last winter, paddles her own canoe, totes supplies, builds winter quarters, and, indeed, shares equally in all the labors and pursuits of her husband. She smokes tobacco inveterately, and knits only when the weather is too stormy to fish with profit. She has not discarded woman's garb, but wears a heavy overcoat and oil-tanned boots in addition. Let Abby Kelly Foster greet a sister who can chop out fishing-holes through Maine ice for an hour at time, without mittens on, and the mercury fifteen degrees below zero.

Not for Joseph.—A young man living in Louisville, Ky., without the fear of his sweetheart's parents before his eyes, undertook to "hook" the object of his adoration from a second story window in her father's house, on Friday night last. The old man, hearing the "fuss," went out in his night-clothes, looking like the ghost of Hamlet, and espied some one going up the ladder and let something drop. It was Joe. Grabbing him by the collar, he lifted him to his feet and nearly shook him out of his clothes, after which he led him into the house, and lectured him as follows: "Look here, you cussed sneak, whenever you go and earn a decent trade, and kin make money enough to pay house-rent, and raise a family, you kin come here without a ladder, walk in the front door an' marry my daughter, an' not till then. D'y'e hear?" And the ferocious old man led Joe out of the house, and told him to "git." The young lady has signified her willingness to wait for Joe.

One Mild Winter.—A writer in the Halifax Reporter accounts for the extraordinary mild weather by the following theory: The remarkable tidal wave that swept these shores on the 5th of October last, and especially the low lands of the Bay of Fundy, submerging all the marshes, dyed and undyed, he attributes to an uprising of the bed of the sea at some place not far distant, where it is covered by the Gulf Stream. This, in turn, he maintains has been caused by one of the many earthquakes whose effects have been so frequent in low latitudes this autumn. The immediate result of the upheaval was to divert a vast volume of sea-water from its usual course, thus accounting for the great tidal wave. If the Gulf Stream, or a portion of it thus diverted, is found, as he thinks it will be found, to have become permanently changed, and to be located nearer this continent than heretofore, then this strange and unprecedented modification of climate will be satisfactorily accounted for, and may, perhaps, be more or less continuous.

The Trout.—The trout is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with the deer; he grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching his full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from all other fish: after which both male and female become lean, weak, and unwholesome eating, and, if examined closely, will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped insects, which appear to suck their substance from them; and they continue sick until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by her small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportionately to the size of their body. The trout is less oily and rich than the salmon; the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male; they swim rapidly, and often leap, like the salmon, to a great height when ascending streams. In a trout-pond they may be fed with angle-worms, rose-bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, etc., which they attack with great voracity. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed and not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they tremble, and emit a murmuring sound.

A New Song.

WHAT OUR GIRLS ARE COMING TO.
Copied, by permission of O. Dinsor & Co., Music Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston, owners of the copyright. C. H. Dinsor & Co., 711 Broadway, New York.

Ladies' fashions, nowadays,
Surely are astonishing:
People stare in blank amaze,
Powerless for admiring;
Costumes are so weird and wild,
Men are too dismayed to quiz,
Fain they'd think they are beguiled,
Fichu falal thingamay,
Tastes outrageous running to,
Wits we task but vainly ask,
What our girls are coming to?

Once in ample crinoline
Round as teacups; very soon,
They diminish slim and lean,
Like the emp's attendant spoon;
Skirts must drag a yard behind,
Sweeping crossings as they trail,
But in this there's reason, mind—
What's a duck without a tail?
Slop, slop, splatter, draggetail,
Splashing 'stead of shunning you,
Dangling ends and Grecian bends,
What our girls are coming to!

Star Beams.

Kossuth is writing his autobiography, which is to be published in six languages simultaneously.

Luncheon is a jolly meal. With the exception of breakfast, dinner, tea and supper, it is perhaps the jolliest meal of the day. It is breakfast arrived at years of discretion; dinner, with all the charming error and heartiness of youth. Never despise luncheon.

The following days of the week are those set apart for public worship in the different nations: Sunday, by the Christians; Monday, by the Grecians; Tuesday, by the Persians; Wednesday, by the Assyrians; Thursday, by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

Si Walter Scott was, in one of his walks, leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant, Tom Purdie. Tom said: "Them are fine novels of yours, Sir Walter; they are just invaluable to me." "I'm glad to hear it, Tom." "Yes, sir; for when I've been out all day, hard at work, and come home very tired, and take up one o' your novels, I'm asleep directly."

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beat, and are in a quiver till they get one.

A railroad watchman in Ohio fell asleep on the track the other night with his lantern in his hand. The lightning express came along, tossed him upon the cow-catcher, and carried him to the next station, with only a broken leg.

An extraordinary affair recently occurred at Brescia, Italy. Two boys caught a mouse, which they bathed in kerosene oil, and then set fire to it. The frightened animal bit both boys so severely that they died within three days.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS.
Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight.
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat,
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that."
"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You shan't have that mouse!" said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night,
When these two kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,

Cruiser Crusoe:
OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THREE.

BEFORE I could ascertain what the animal was, it disappeared in the darkness. I could hear it moving about, for some time after, in the bushes, but it did not come back to me that night.

I slept a little, waking early. Sore and bruised as I was, I nevertheless determined to make my way back to my stone-hut near the sea-beach.

My feet were so tender that I was obliged to rest continually; but at last I arrived upon the beach. Moving along, leaning heavily upon my staff, I was astonished to feel it suddenly sink deep in the sand, and to observe, when I drew it forth, something clammy adhering to it.

This convinced me that what I had previously searched for was at last found.

I stooped to my knees, and began digging in the sand, from which I soon drew forth a number of turtle's eggs. I eagerly devoured several, which, serving both for meat and drink, refreshed me considerably. I then collected as many as could be carried, and put them in my cave, knowing that the longer kept the better.

Excitement and hardship told upon me, so that when I laid down in my cave for rest, I was nearly overcome.

Next morning I continued my search for food.

I was now stronger, much recruited in health, and felt more cheerful than I had since being cast away. Making my way along the beach, I suddenly paused in surprise, rubbing my eyes to make sure that my fancy had not deceived me.

About a mile distant, I beheld an object lying with the surf breaking over it, and which I believed to be the dismasted hull of a vessel.

Instantly I set about thinking how I should contrive to get to the reef where lay the wreck. I could not hope to find any person aboard, but I might there discover some article which would be useful to me.

Finally I concluded to endeavor to fashion a raft.

I had noticed that the soil in which grew the higher trees was loose, often crumbling and falling. This accounted for many of the strange noises heard in the night-time when the wind was high, the trees falling down the steep declivities into the valleys below.

I at once went to work. Mounting a rock, I detached a number of trees, dragging them down to the beach.

This task occupied me all day. In the morning I rose and resumed my work, putting the trees together, covering them with brush, and fastening the whole with strong withes obtained from the woods.

I had put the logs in the shallow water of a small lagoon, and was gratified to see my rather novel-looking raft float when the tide rose.

Such a raft was never seen before, and may never be seen again.

I stepped upon it, erected a sort of mast, with my jacket for a sail. In lieu of a rudder, I used another bough which, however, I soon found answered my purpose poorly. The raft, almost at the mercy of wind and current, would, now and then, go round and round, causing me great trouble and anxiety.

Meanwhile, gradually approaching the object upon the sand-bank, I was soon near enough to discover that I had made a strange mistake, for the thing proved to be a large tree, which had become wedged among the rocks!

Bitter as was my disappointment, I yet determined to get to the tree and examine it.

Soon I was there, when I discovered that it was a cotton tree, which had evidently been a long time in the water, as it was covered with oysters, barnacles, and mussels. Ripping up some of these with my knife, I made a hearty meal, meanwhile forgetting my raft, which I had left not very securely fastened to the tree.

Now, gazing toward the spot, my folly was made apparent, for I saw the raft floating off with the tide.

Determined to get to it I plunged into the water and struck out for it. The current, however, was now so strong that I was carried past the raft upon a sand-bank.

Looking round me, I now discovered that I was some distance from the cotton-tree. I noticed, however, that the tide was fast rising, and feared that it would soon flood the sand-bank.

Anxiously I watched it creeping higher and higher, when, to my great joy, I saw it stop. Then, breathing freely, I sat down to reflect upon my situation. Here I was, a long distance from the mainland—or rather what to me was such—with no means of reaching it at hand, as I could not hope to swim so far.

Mournfully I sat down, as night came on, and finally, as the gloom gathered, I dug a hole almost large enough to contain my body, hoping to pass the night in this retreat.

Ere long I sunk into a slumber, which, however, was disturbed by the strangest and most delightful dreams.

After midnight—the time, as nearly as I could judge, from what afterward happened—I waked

to see the heavens in the distance colored to a bright crimson. The clouds, moving along, were edged with red stripes or streaks, and of a curious, sulphurous hue, which seemed to be taken a large flame of some kind below.

The sight was indeed cheering, and my heart fairly bounded with joy, as I reflected that I now beheld signs of some of my fellow-creatures, who were evidently making a fire to cook by and warm themselves.

I was led to this belief by the direction of the gleam, which seemed to come from the other side of the hills bordering the sea.

Gradually, however, the crimson glare seemed to move thence, describing a sort of curve, which at once convinced me that it was afloat.

In a short time I was enabled to see it more plainly, gradually approaching, a ship on fire.

Driven in my direction, by wind and tide, it came, until at length I could hear the crackling of the flames, the spitting of the pitch and tar, and the continual hissing sounds, as pieces of burning spars fell into the water.

Soon the burning mass was about a quarter of a mile from me, when I beheld it suddenly stop, and heel to starboard. By the lurid light of the flames, I could see that it struck against the rocks near the cotton-tree!

After a few minutes of rocking, the fiery furnace seemed to become stationary, when I heard a cry so unearthly and thrilling that I involuntarily clasped my hands, uttering a silent prayer.

Then, with the exception of a low moaning, reaching my ears at intervals, all was still.

The night was merging into day, and soon I beheld the sun, round and red, appear above the vast watery wilderness. I noticed now that my raft had drifted, with the change of tide, to a reef not far distant, where it had stuck fast, so that I might have no difficulty in reaching it by swimming.

Carefully inspecting the water, to make sure

just beyond, a beautiful, clear cascade, falling over moss-covered rocks.

Now, however, my raft seemed drawn into a sort of whirlpool, so rapidly did it go round and round. Dizzy with the motion, I was about to spring out, hoping thus to reach land, when the raft was suddenly caught and drawn on, until it struck bottom, affording me a view of a sort of arch, through which I must pass to get to land.

Passing through the arch, by wading knee-deep, I found myself in a terrestrial paradise!

The cliffs, which at a distance had seemed so unpromising, were covered with the most luxuriant verdure, while at their base were green, velvety lawns, watered by shining rills and cascades, in abundance.

Ahead of me there was a beautiful grove, toward which I turned with fire in my veins. I was soon on the brink of a clear water-basin into which, down a multitude of rocks, fell a beautiful cascade, shaded by palm trees, cocoa, and a vast matting of vines and other wild creepers.

Enraptured I stood still a moment; then I was about plunging into the pond, when an odd kind of noise attracted my attention.

Glancing up, my gaze was fixed upon the strangest beast that ever natural history or book of travels had brought to my notice. It was a huge kind of baboon, but of so malicious and malignant an aspect that I shuddered at sight of him.

The beast, however, made no motion to attack me, so, without further hesitation, I advanced to the pool, and slaked my thirst with due moderation.

The richest wine ever drank could not have afforded me the exquisite pleasure of those draughts from the clear, pellucid stream.

Having satisfied myself, and feeling much refreshed, I now sat down and pondered.

The time for repining was past. I was on a

Taps from Beat Time.

[*BEAT TIME* will make his mark on the journalism of the day, and will win for himself and this paper (for which he writes exclusively) an enviable reputation. Our contemporaries of the press are at liberty to reprint from this column, by giving explicit credit to both author and *SATURDAY JOURNAL*.]

GRAND GIFT DISTRIBUTION.

To the *Expectant Public*:

To those persons who don't care for money, but have great reverence for such articles it may bring, the underscribber begs to call their attention to the following list of grand prizes, which will be distributed on the evening of the next convenient occasion.

The terms are \$5.00 for a single chance, \$2.50 for half a chance. Counterfeit bills, which are more perfect than good bills, taken at par; greenbacks taken with a great deal of legal tenderness. Money can be forwarded in barrels by express or registered letter. The proceeds of the distribution are to go to my widow and myself. No blanks. Every ticket is warranted to draw ten dollars worth (the reason is, I got the articles so cheap, and so can afford it). Agents for the sale of tickets are wanted everywhere, and I might add, buyers of the tickets are wanted more. People are requested not to take tickets on tick, for I can not tick it. I am particular upon that point. Among a thousand articles, too numerous to remunerate—I mean enumerate—I may mention the following:

One fine piano, with patent high-strung sounding board and giraffe attachment, warranted to stand on four legs for four years.

One fine tub, with patent washboard (back-grease thrown in).

One day's board (*bass-wood*).

One box of smoked herring.

One box of smoked cigars.

One mortgage, extra heavy, already on the premises.

One farm under cultivation.

One do. do. water.

Two diamond clothespins.

One clothes-horse, well broken.

One stovepipe-hole.

One diamond pin, first water.

One gallon milk, first water.

One embroidered coal-scuttle.

One heavily-ironed under-shirt.

One Wall street gold ring.

One highly-chased whisky ring.

One gold-headed sugar-cane.

One silver-mounted meerschaum stove-pipe.

One single-wheeled buggy.

One two-horse hand-cart.

Two one-horse shows.

Two silver-plated gold watches, patent wayside springs.

One dress, warranted to wash.

One wife, warranted to wash.

One revenue cutter.

“ straw ”

One cellar, which is at present on another man's lot, but can be easily hauled away.

One lot of excellent pleasure-grounds.

One lot of coffee-grounds.

One patent right.

One millwright.

One set china service.

One lot fine old wines.

“ “ “ debts.

One omnibus—driver thrown in—passengers pitched out.

One pair left-handed socks.

One dozen fancy neck ties.

“ “ “ marriage ties.

One set ear-rings, made by the hand.

Several pictures of Despair, by Church.

One set new brains.

Thirteen complimentaries to next eclipse.

In addition to the above, I may add the following New Books, which will be included:

Gates Ajar; or, The Pigs are in the Garden.

What will he do with it; or, The man who drew the Elephant.

Heroes of History; or, The Washerwoman's Record.

Woman in White; or, Our Colored Cook.

The Bride of Lammermoor; or, Hit her Again.

Two Years Before the Mast; or, Life in our Beech Woods.

What Answer; or, Wait till I Ask my Mother.

After Dark; or, We won't go Home till Morning.

The Crossed Path; Sequel to the Crossed Eye.

He Knew he was Right, and went Ahead afoot.

Words for the Hour; or, Will you lend me a Quarter.

The Hidden Hand; or, The One-armed Beggar.

Eyes and Ears; or, The Owls and Donkeys.

Great Expectations; or, Spit on him and Drown him.

Under the Willows; or, The Little Frog.

Meditations in a country Church-yard; or, the Doctor's Remorse.

Dust; or, It's All in my Eye.

Soundings from the Atlantic; or, Your Article is Rejected.

Trumps; or, Under the Shady Right Bower.

Several other fascinating books are being written, which will be also included in the list, when it is ascertained what they are.

Now see if you can't all be the first to roll up

—I mean, to unroll your money.

Impeunously yours, BEAT TIME.



that there was no shark about, I struck out for the floating mass, which I reached in safety, and at once proceeded to work toward the burning vessel.

The masts of this craft had gone by the board, and only the hull, half-burned through, now remained. I at once inferred that the crew had deserted in their boats, when unable to put out the fire.

By some mischance they had left a dog, which now, leaping into the water, struck out, howling, for the land.

Having approached so near the burning craft, which now appeared a mass of hot coals, that I was in danger of being scorched, I at once stopped at the further end of the reef, upon which was the cotton tree.

Hoping, however, to make another meal of the mussels and oysters upon the log, I advanced along the trunk, which was so fearfully hot that I could scarcely contain myself, and commenced picking up the mussels and oysters.

These, I found, were now nearly roasted, affording me the first cooked meal I had obtained since being cast upon the island.

Having made a full repast, I now gazed toward the burning wreck, wishing I could carry some of the fire ashore. This, however, was impossible; so I stepped upon my raft, and at once endeavored to impel it toward the mainland. I found this to be a difficult task, as the wind had shifted and the tide was setting against me. In fact my craft was nearly unmanageable, so that, worn as I was, I was several times on the point of giving up in despair.

Carried far out of my course, I finally beheld in front of me a promontory, beyond which something told me I would find fresh water.

This I now sorely needed, as my sufferings from thirst were terrible.